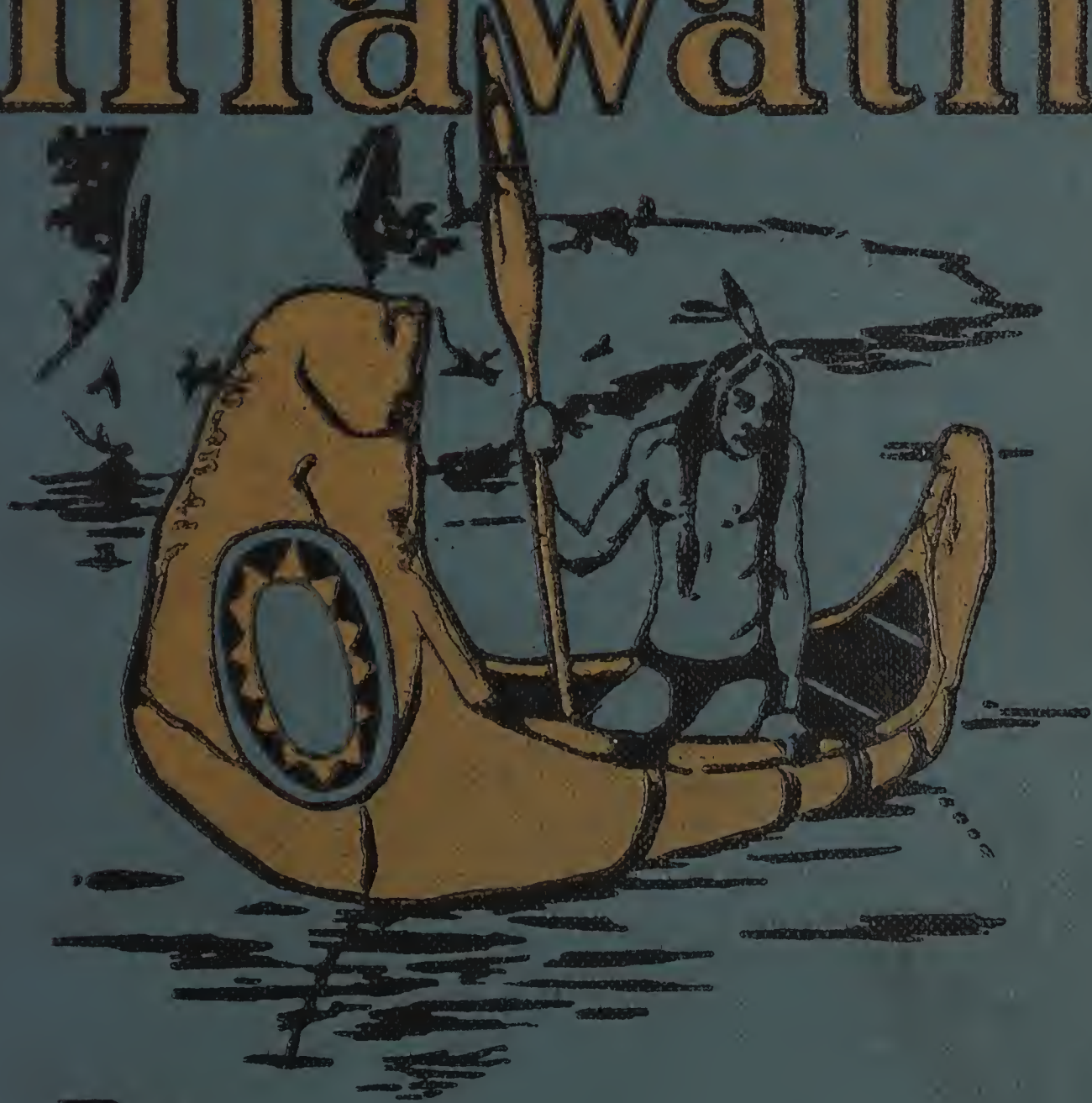


Hawk Eye and Hiawatha



By Laura R. Smith



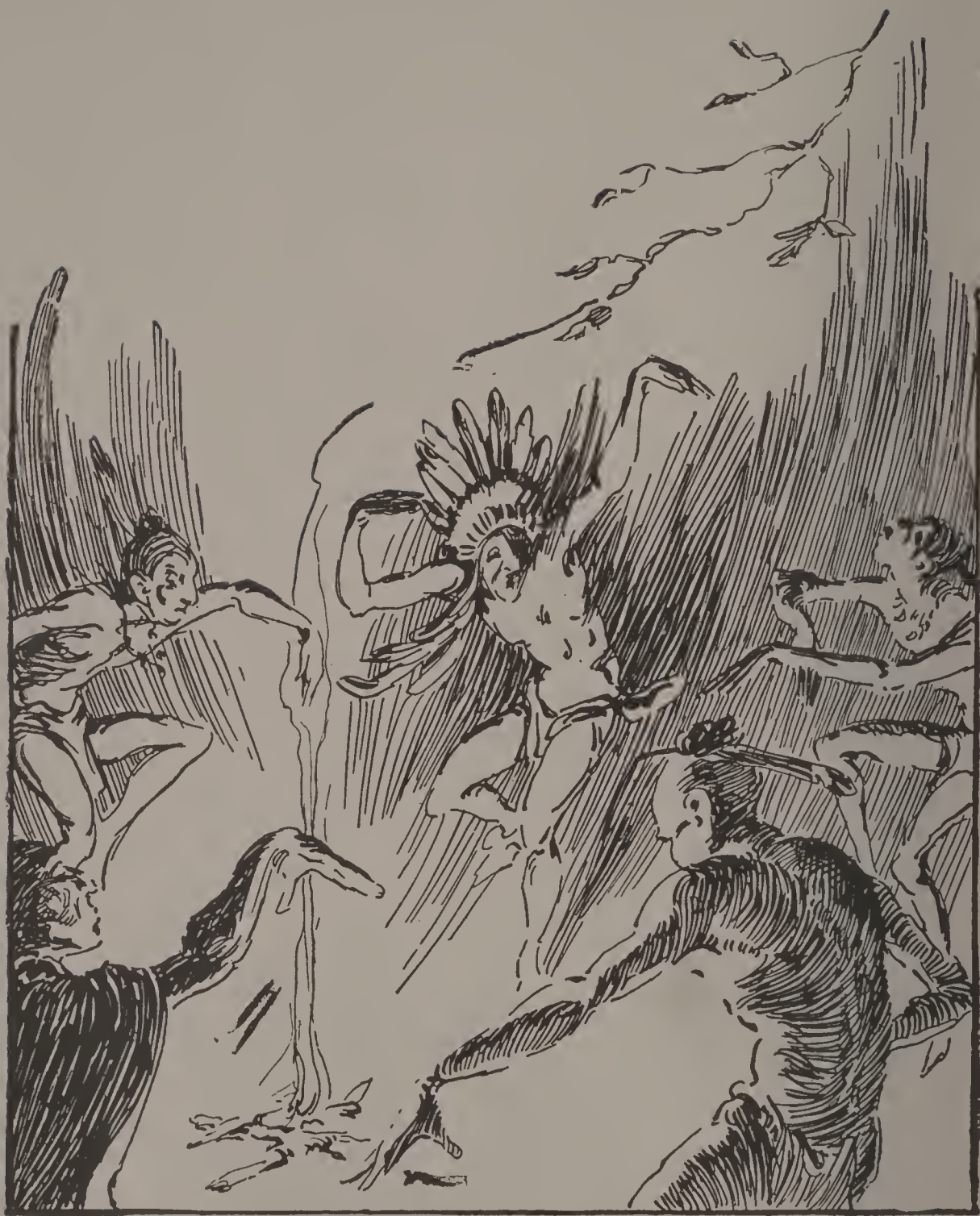
Class PE1119

Book .566

Copyright N^o

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.

HAWK EYE AND HIAWATHA



“Then they began to dance” (Page 96)

HAWK EYE AND HIAWATHA

By
LAURA ROUNTREE SMITH

1924

A. FLANAGAN COMPANY
CHICAGO

PE 1119
.566

COPYRIGHT, 1924, BY A. FLANAGAN COMPANY

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

JAN 14 '24

© Cl A 7 6 5 6 9 0

Books by
**LAURA ROUNTREE
SMITH**

Bunny and Bear Book, The
Bunny Boy and Grizzly Bear
Bunny Bright-Eyes
Bunny Cotton-Tail Junior
Candy-Shop Cotton-Tails, The
Children's Favorite Stories
Circus Book, The
Circus Cotton-Tails, The
Cotton-Tail First Reader, The
Cotton-Tail Primer, The
Cotton-Tails in Toyland, The
Drills and Plays for Patri-
otic Days
Games and Plays
Hawk Eye and Hiawatha
Language Lessons from Every
Land
Little Bear
Little Eskimo
Merry Little Cotton-Tails, The
Mother Goose Stories
Primary Song Book
Roly-Poly Book, The
Runaway Bunny, The
Seventeen Little Bears
Snubby Nose and Tippy Toes
Tale of Bunny Cotton-Tail,
The
Three Little Cotton-Tails

Published by
A. FLANAGAN COMPANY
CHICAGO



DOROTHY DULIN

"Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!" (Page 116)

HAWK EYE

LESSON 1

Hawk Eye was an Indian boy.

He lived with his grandpa.

They lived in a wigwam.

The wigwam was
in the forest.

Grandpa's name
was Medas.

Grandpa said:
"Our wigwam
is old."

Hawk Eye said:
"Let us build a
new wigwam."

Grandpa Medas said: "When shall we build
the wigwam?"

Hawk Eye said: "Let us build it to-morrow!"



LESSON 2

Medas and Hawk Eye built the wigwam.

Hawk Eye found some strong poles.

Medas made some holes in the ground.

Hawk Eye put one end of the poles in the ground.

Medas made the other end of the poles meet.

Hawk Eye found a strong buffalo skin.

They covered the poles with the skin.

Hawk Eye drew pictures on the buffalo skin.

He drew a picture of the sun and a picture of the moon.

Hawk Eye could draw anything he saw.

Medas said: "I like the new wigwam."

Hawk Eye said: "The new wigwam is large."

Medas was very old and he felt tired.

Medas said: "I will go to bed now."

Hawk Eye was young and he was not tired.

Hawk Eye said: "I will not go to bed yet."

Hawk Eye sat up late that night.

He watched the stars and the moon.

LESSON 3

The new wigwam was in the forest.
The forest was dark at night.
The moon rose over the pine
trees.

The pine trees had cones
on them.

Hawk Eye gathered
cones for the fire.
Medas helped make
the fire.

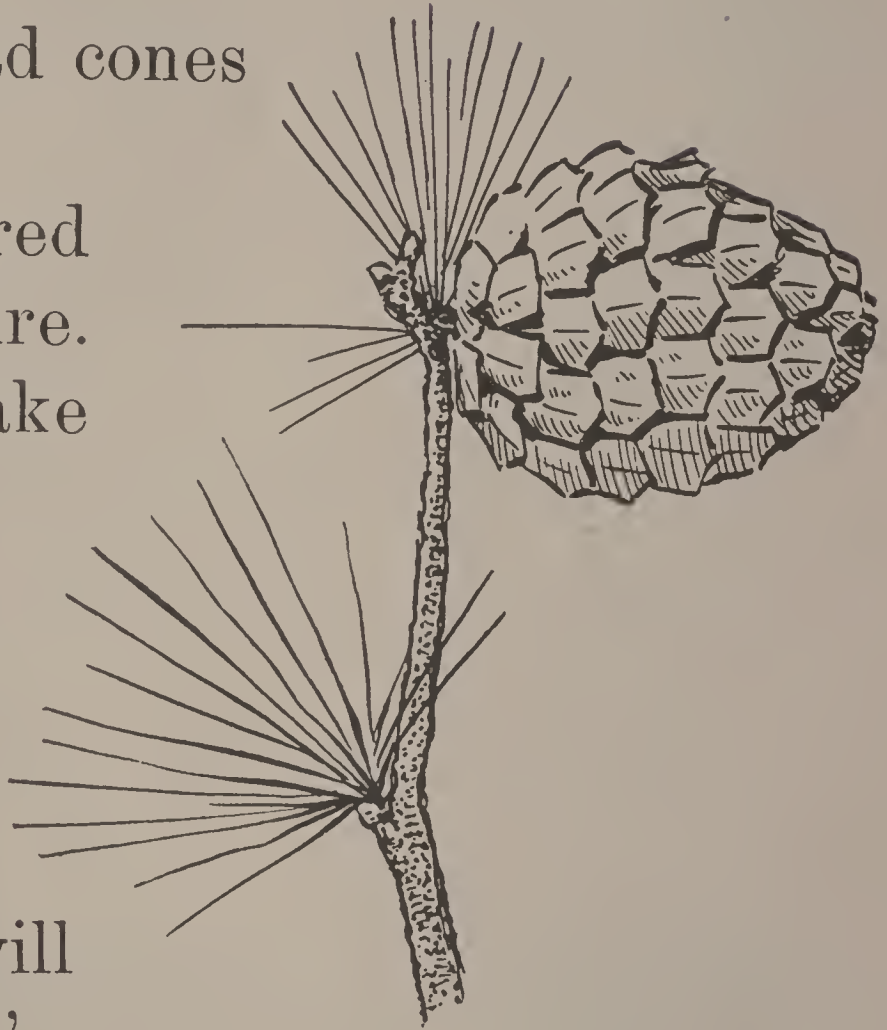
Hawk Eye put
the cones on
the fire.

Medas said:

“To-morrow we will
build a canoe!”

Hawk Eye said: “I will help you build a
canoe!”

Medas said: “We will sail down the river
in the canoe.”



LESSON 4

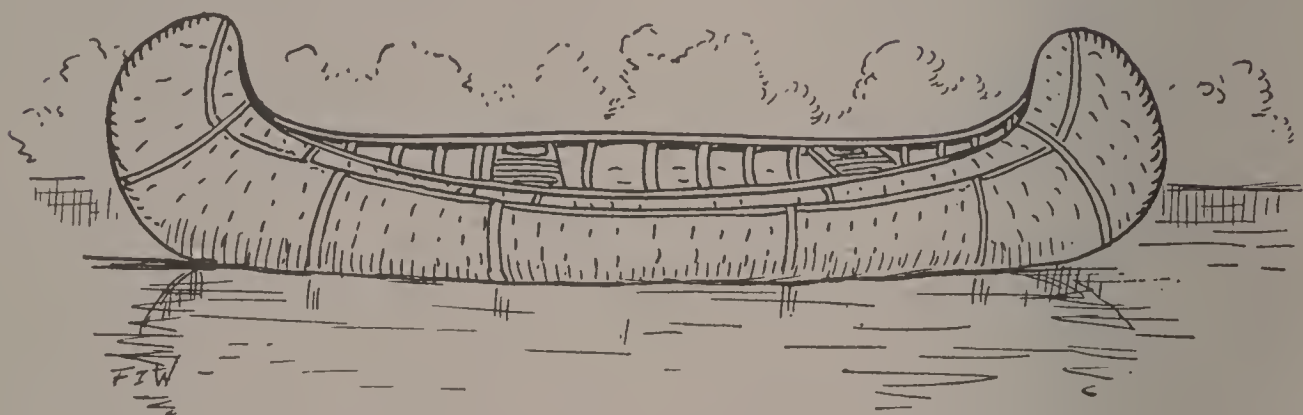
Hawk Eye said: "Where shall we build the canoe?"

Medas said: "We will build it by the river."

They built a canoe by the river.

They worked many days by the river.

At last the canoe was made.



Medas said: "We will ride in the canoe."

Hawk Eye said: "Let me use the paddles."

Hawk Eye and Medas rode in the canoe.

They came to a little village.

It was a little Indian village.

They got out of the canoe.

LESSON 5

They stopped to see the Indian village.
The village was full of Indians.
The Indians all had wigwams.
All the Indians were working.
Some of them were making baskets.
Some of them were weaving mats.
An old chief was making bows and arrows.
The Indians all knew Medas.
They said: "Welcome, Medicine-Man!"
They called Medas "Medicine-Man."
Medas was an Indian doctor.

LESSON 6

Hawk Eye looked at the Indians.
The Indians said: "Welcome, little chief."
Hawk Eye wanted a bow and arrow.
Hawk Eye wanted some Indian dye.
He wanted to dye the sun on his wigwam.
An old squaw gave him some dye.

The old squaw had a large wigwam.
There were many pictures on her wigwam.
There was a picture of a bear.



There was a picture of a deer.
There was a picture of a bow and arrow.

LESSON 7

Medas said: "We must go home."
Hawk Eye got the canoe.

The Indians said: "Come again, Medicine-Man."

They said: "Come again, little chief."

Hawk Eye liked to be called "Little chief."

Hawk Eye said: "I want a bow and arrow."



Medas said: "We will go to the village again soon."

Hawk Eye said: "Then I will get a bow and arrow."

They sailed home in the canoe.

CANOE SONG

L. ROUNTREE-SMITH

CLARENCE L. RIEGE

Lightly

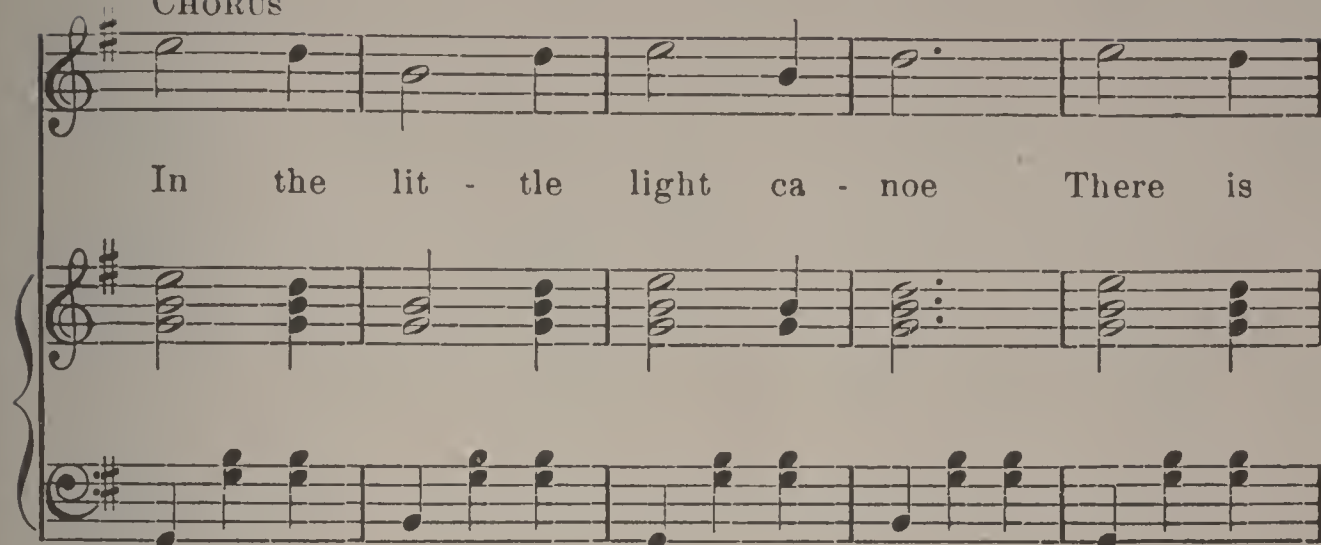
1. Will you take a ride with me In my
2. Will you take a ride with me Where the

lit - tle light ca - noe? Oh, we will have a
wa - ter - lil - ies grow? The lit - tle stream winds

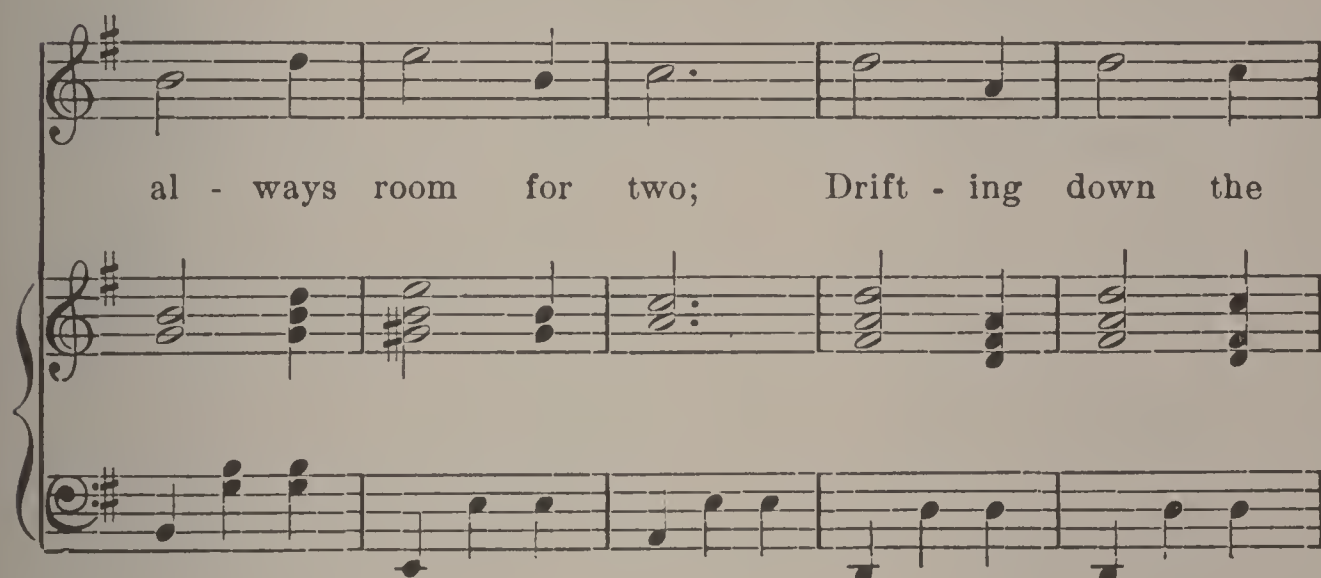
hol - i - day, If I may call for you
in and out, With wil - lows bend - ing low.....

CANOE SONG—Concluded

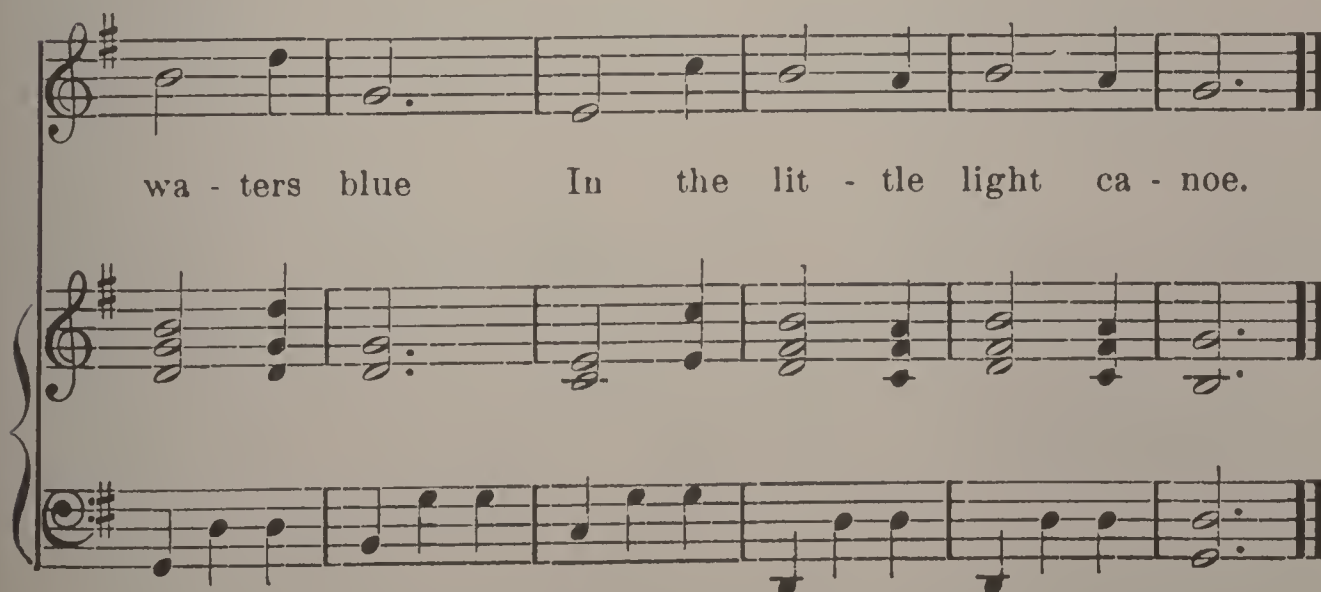
CHORUS



In the lit - tle light ca - noe There is



al - ways room for two; Drift - ing down the



wa - ters blue In the lit - tle light ca - noe.

LESSON 8

Hawk Eye sang this song to Medas:

CANOE SONG

Will you take a ride with me,
In my little light canoe?
We shall have a holiday,
If I may call for you!

Will you take a ride with me,
Where the water lilies grow?
The little stream winds in and out,
With willows bending low.

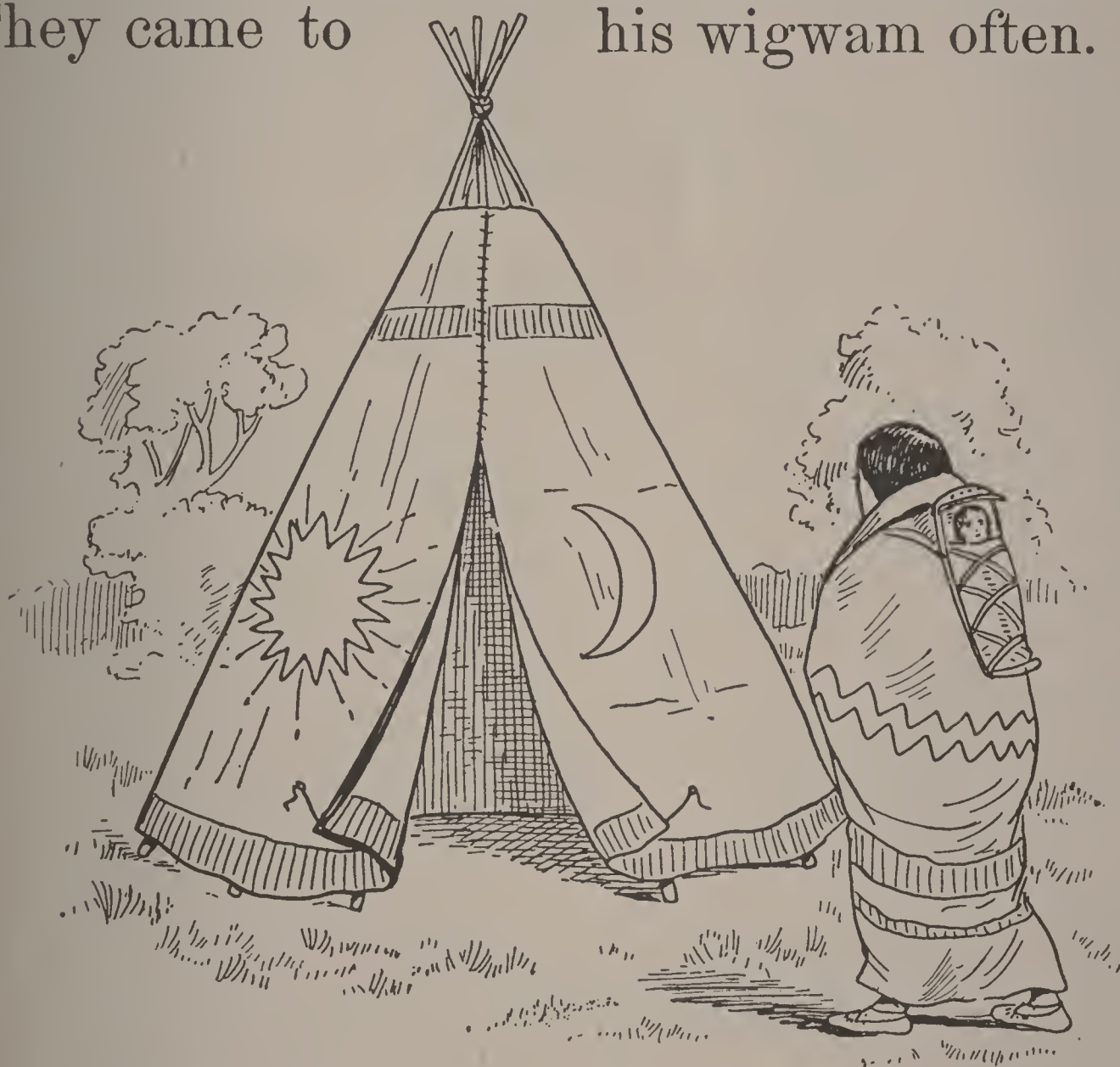
Medas liked the song very well.
Hawk Eye sang it again.
Then Medas fell asleep.

LESSON 9

Medas was a great doctor.

All the Indians called him "Medicine-Man."

They came to his wigwam often.



They came when they were sick.

Medas gathered herbs in the forest.

He gave the sick people medicine.

His medicine was made of herbs.

A squaw came to the wigwam.
The squaw had a little papoose.
She carried the papoose on her back.
She said: "Is Medas in the wigwam?"

LESSON 10

Medas said: "Come into the wigwam."
The squaw came into the wigwam.
The squaw still carried her papoose.
She said: "My little papoose is very ill."
She took the papoose off her back.
It was a very little papoose.
Medas gave the papoose some medicine.
Hawk Eye held the little papoose.
They stayed all day in the wigwam.
The little papoose got better.
The squaw took the papoose home again.

LESSON 11

Hawk Eye had some yellow dye.
The dye looked like yellow paint.

He said: "I will paint the sun on my wigwam."

He painted the sun a bright yellow.

He painted the sun's rays too.

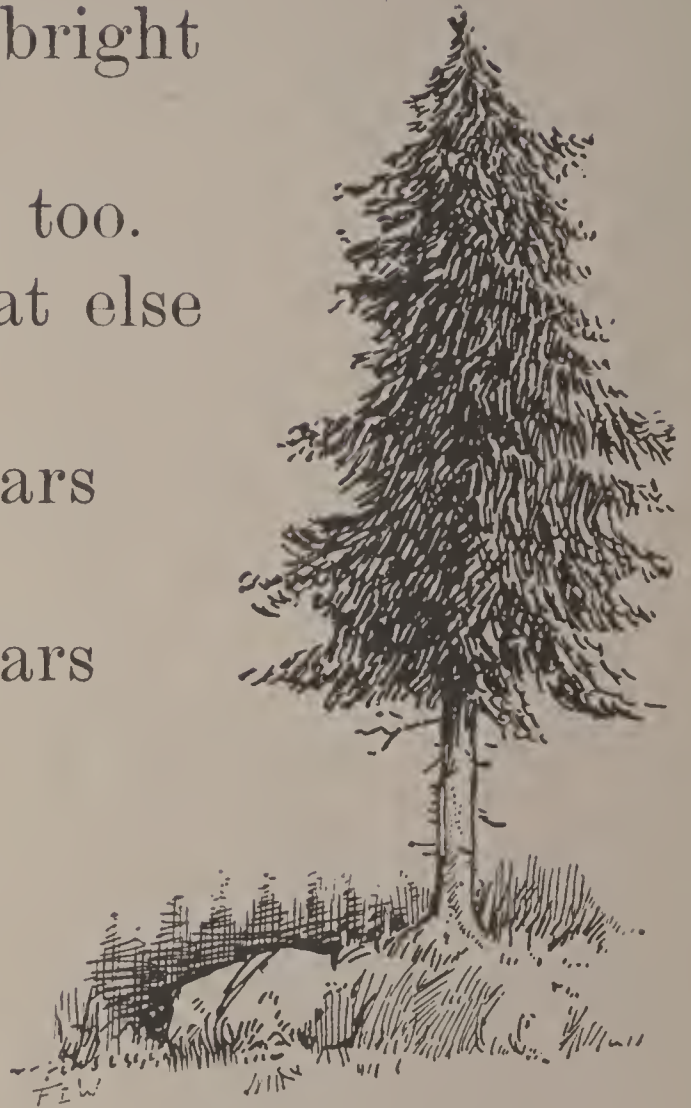
He said to Medas: "What else shall I paint?"

Medas said: "Paint the stars on the wigwam.

Hawk Eye painted the stars and moon.

Then he painted the pine trees.

He painted them with cones on them.



LESSON 12

Medas said: "I must stay in the wigwam to-day."

Hawk Eye said: "I will go in the canoe.

Hawk Eye went alone in the canoe.

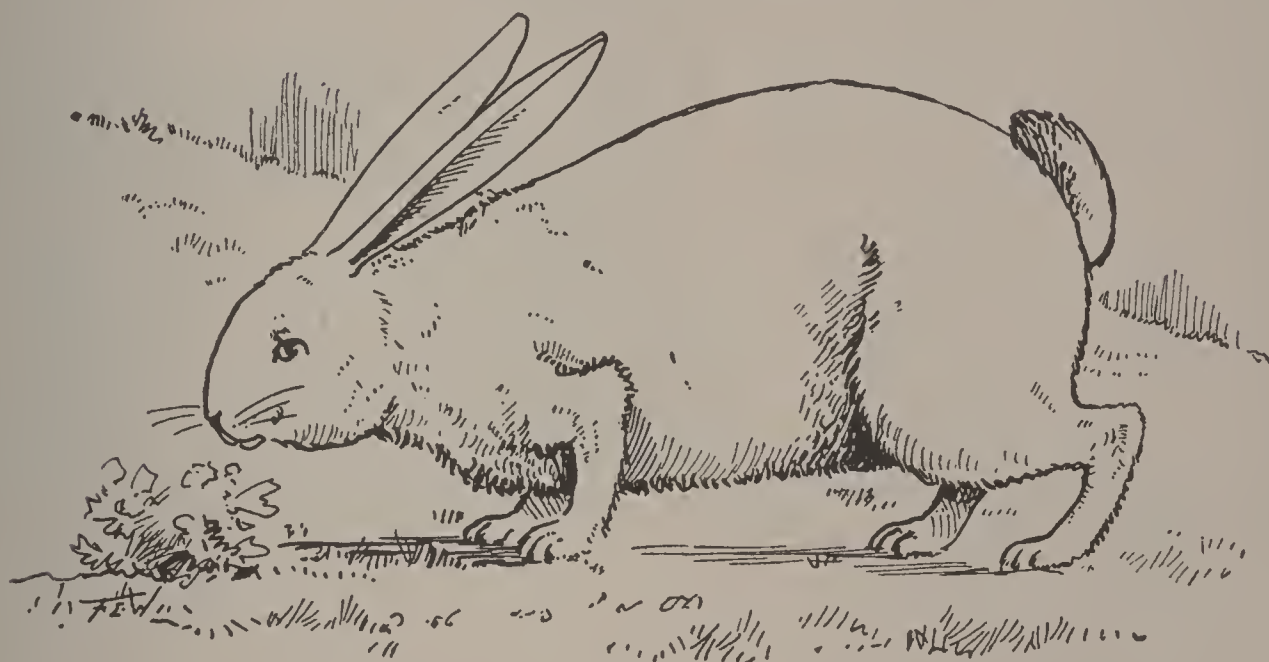
Hawk Eye sailed down the river.
He was going to the Indian village.
He was going to get a bow and arrow.
He came to the village at last.
He drew pictures for the children.
He drew fine pictures for them.
The children clapped their hands.
An old chief gave him a bow and arrow.

LESSON 13

Next day Medas said: "We will both sail
in the canoe."
They sailed again to the Indian village.
They made many friends there.
Hawk Eye met Bald Eagle.
Bald Eagle made bows and arrows.
He taught Hawk Eye how to make them.
Hawk Eye said: "I should like to shoot a
bear!"
Bald Eagle said: "Some day I will go
hunting with you."

LESSON 14

The children came from the village.
They came to Medas's wigwam.
They came to see Hawk Eye draw pictures.
Hawk Eye made a picture of a bear.



He made a picture of a rabbit and one of a squirrel.

The children liked the pictures.

They said: "Hawk Eye is a great chief."

They gave Hawk Eye some feathers to wear.

He said: "I will wear the feathers always."

He wore the feathers in his hair.

LESSON 15

One night the moon was very bright.
That night Medas was fast asleep.
Hawk Eye was awake very late.
He heard a foot-step outside.



Hawk Eye got his bow and arrow.
He looked out of the wigwam.
He saw a deer outside the wigwam.
Hawk Eye shot the deer with his bow and
arrow.

Medas woke up and said: "You are a young hunter."

Hawk Eye said: "I love my bow and arrow."

LESSON 16

The next day Hawk Eye went into the woods.

He carried his bow and arrow with him.

The little squirrels were all afraid.

The rabbits hid themselves behind the trees.

All the birds flew away.

They had heard about the deer.

They did not want Hawk Eye to shoot them.

Hawk Eye threw down his bow and arrow.

Then the rabbits came to meet him.

The squirrels chattered in the trees.

"I will never hurt you," Hawk Eye said.

LESSON 17

One day Hawk Eye was ill.

He said: "I wish I could see Bald Eagle."

Just then Metatokit came in.

Metatokit was a wise old Indian.

He said: "I will teach you to write."

He drew this picture for Hawk Eye.

The picture means, "We saw three men in a canoe."

They made another picture and sent it to Bald Eagle.

This picture meant that Hawk Eye had learned to hunt.



LESSON 18

Metatoxit went away next day.

Hawk Eye was very lonely.

Medas said: "I must sail away again."

Hawk Eye wrote a letter.

He wrote it to Bald Eagle.

He said: "Please come to see me."

Medas took the letter.

Medas sailed away in the canoe.

Hawk Eye looked out of the wigwam.

He was watching for Bald Eagle.

LESSON 19

Next morning Hawk Eye woke early.

He heard the leaves rustle.

He looked out of the wigwam.

He saw a big Indian coming.

The Indian was Bald Eagle.

Bald Eagle wore arrows in his hair.

Bald Eagle wore moccasins on his feet.

He came to the wigwam.

He said: "Poor little chief is ill."

Hawk Eye was glad to see him.

Hawk Eye said: "Please tell me a story!"



LESSON 20

Bald Eagle said: "You made a picture of the moon."

Hawk Eye said: "Tell me a story about the moon."

Bald Eagle sat down and told this story :

There are four dragons in the sky.
The dragons like to eat up the moon.
Some day they will eat the moon all up.
Then the dragons will go home.
When they get home, a new moon comes.
The dragons will come and eat the new
moon.
These dragons are always hungry.

LESSON 21

Hawk Eye said: "When will you hunt with
me?"

Bald Eagle said: "We will go next
week."

Hawk Eye said: "What shall we hunt?"

Bald Eagle said: "We shall hunt the bear
and deer."

Then Bald Eagle went home again.

Hawk Eye had a new knife.

He could whittle with the knife.

He had some pieces of wood.

He cut out a bear and a deer from the wood.

He said: "Next week I will go hunting."



LESSON 22

The squaw came to the wigwam again.

She had her papoose with her.

The papoose was well this time.

The squaw had a bowl of soup.

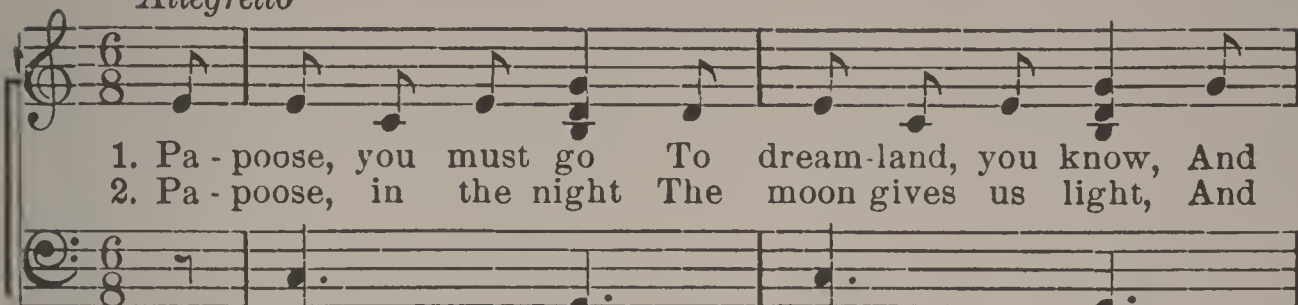
She gave Hawk Eye the soup.

INDIAN LULLABY

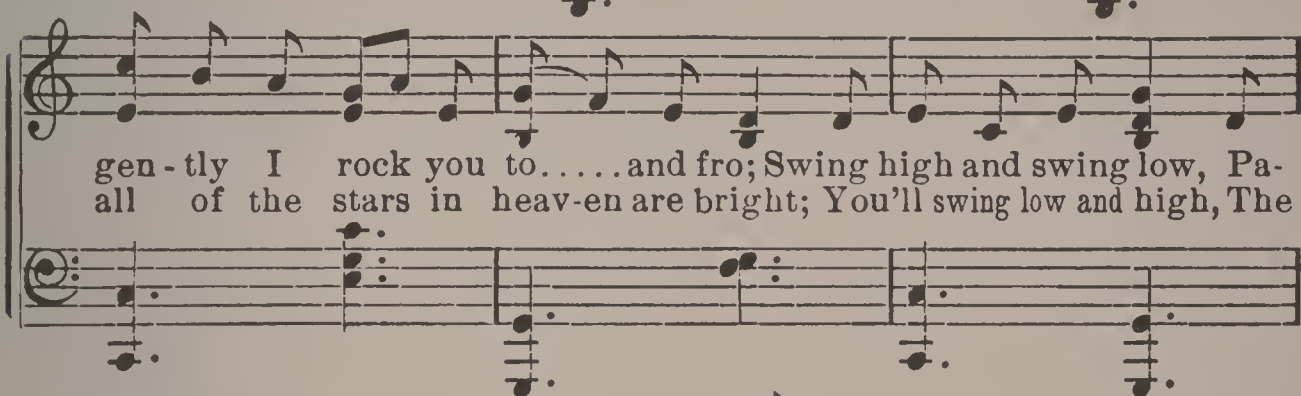
L. ROUNTREE-SMITH

CLARENCE L. RIEGE

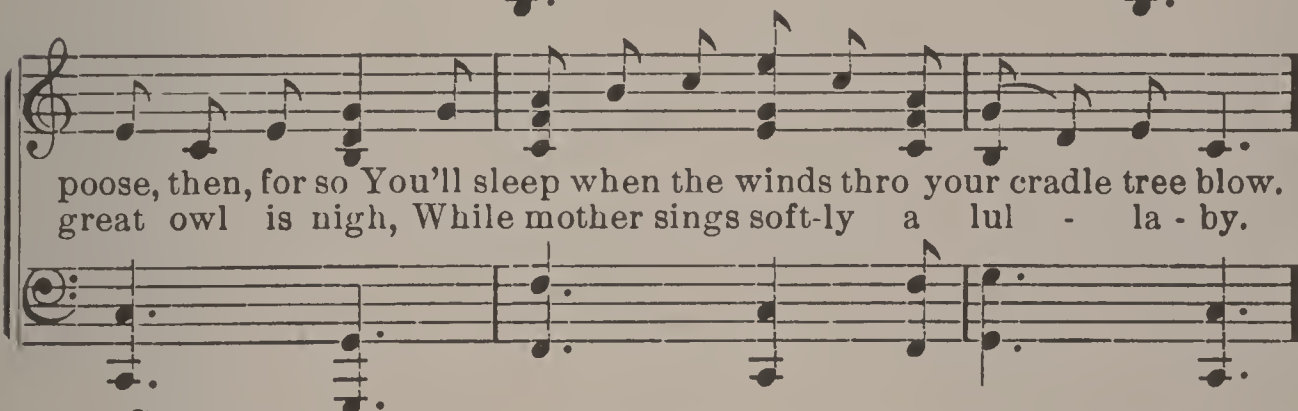
Allegretto



1. Pa - poose, you must go To dream-land, you know, And
2. Pa - poose, in the night The moon gives us light, And

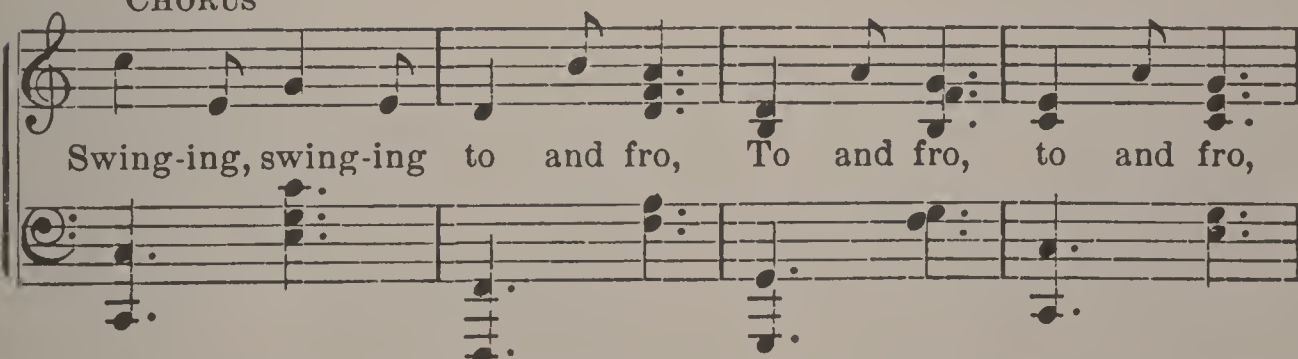


gen - tly I rock you to and fro; Swing high and swing low, Pa -
all of the stars in heav-en are bright; You'll swing low and high, The

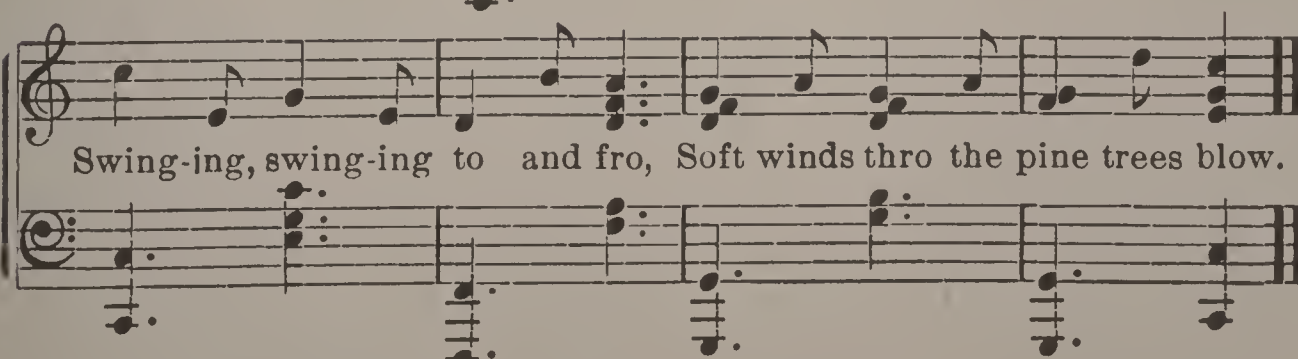


poose, then, for so You'll sleep when the winds thro your cradle tree blow.
great owl is nigh, While mother sings soft-ly a lul - la - by.

CHORUS



Swing-ing, swing-ing to and fro, To and fro, to and fro,



Swing-ing, swing-ing to and fro, Soft winds thro the pine trees blow.

Then Medas came back home.
Medas said: "Is the papoose ill?"
The squaw said: "Hawk Eye is ill."
Hawk Eye drank all the soup.
He said the soup made him feel well.
He made a new cradle for the papoose.
The squaw carried the new cradle home.

LESSON 23

The next week Hawk Eye was well.
Bald Eagle came to see him again.
They both had bows and arrows.
They were going hunting.
It was Indian Summer.
It was growing quite cold.
"Shall we find the black bear?" they said.
"Shall we find the deer?"
They went deep into the forest.
The wind whispered in the pine trees.
They heard the leaves move.
A red deer was coming down the pathway.

LESSON 24

They shot at the red deer.
The red deer saw the hunters.
The deer ran swiftly away.
The arrows did not hit her.
A black bear was in the forest.
The black bear was asleep.
They killed the black bear.
Hawk Eye carried him home.
He took him to the wigwam.
They had a great feast.
All the Indians ate the bear meat.
Bald Eagle made a rug of the bear skin.

LESSON 25

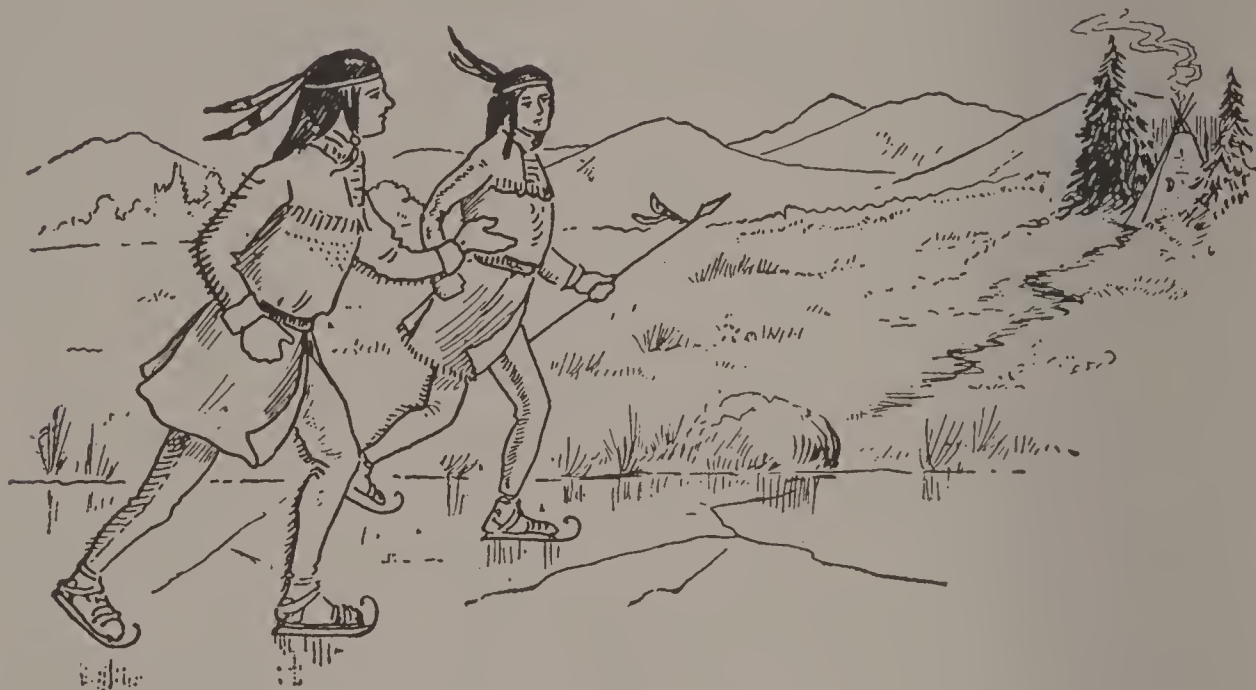
The snow began to fall.
The forest was very silent.
The black bears were all asleep.
The river was frozen over.
Hawk Eye could not use the canoe.
He said: "I will skate on the ice."

He skated to the Indian village.

He talked to all the Indians.

He said: "I wish I had a brother."

Lion Heart said: "I will be your brother."



LESSON 26

Lion Heart was a brave Indian boy.

He was not afraid of anything.

He skated home with Hawk Eye.

He said to Medas: "I have come to stay."

Hawk Eye and Lion Heart carved little figures.

They carved all kinds of wooden animals.

Hawk Eye painted the animals.
They had a happy time together.
They lived together all winter.
Medas said: "I wish spring would come."
Medas said: "I want to gather more herbs."

LESSON 27

Lion Heart said: "Please tell us a story."
Medas said: "I know only
one story."

The story was about the
medicine-plant.

The medicine-plant grows
in the woods.

Lion Heart said: "Tell us
about the medicine-plant."

Hawk Eye said: "Tell us the
story, Grandpa Medas."

Medas said: "I will tell the
story this evening."

Lion Heart and Hawk Eye were busy.
They were making bows and arrows.



LESSON 28

That evening Medas told the story.

This is the story he told to Hawk Eye and
Lion Heart.

Once a hunter went into the woods.

The hunter heard sweet music.

He went again thro the woods.

The music came from a plant.

The plant had green leaves.

The hunter cut the plant.

The plant healed everything it touched.

The hunter healed people's wounds.

The hunter healed his own wounds.

Medas used the plant to heal wounds.

LESSON 29

Red Jacket came to the wigwam.

Red Jacket had a sore finger.

Medas used the medicine-plant.

Medas healed the sore finger.

Red Jacket said he was very hungry.

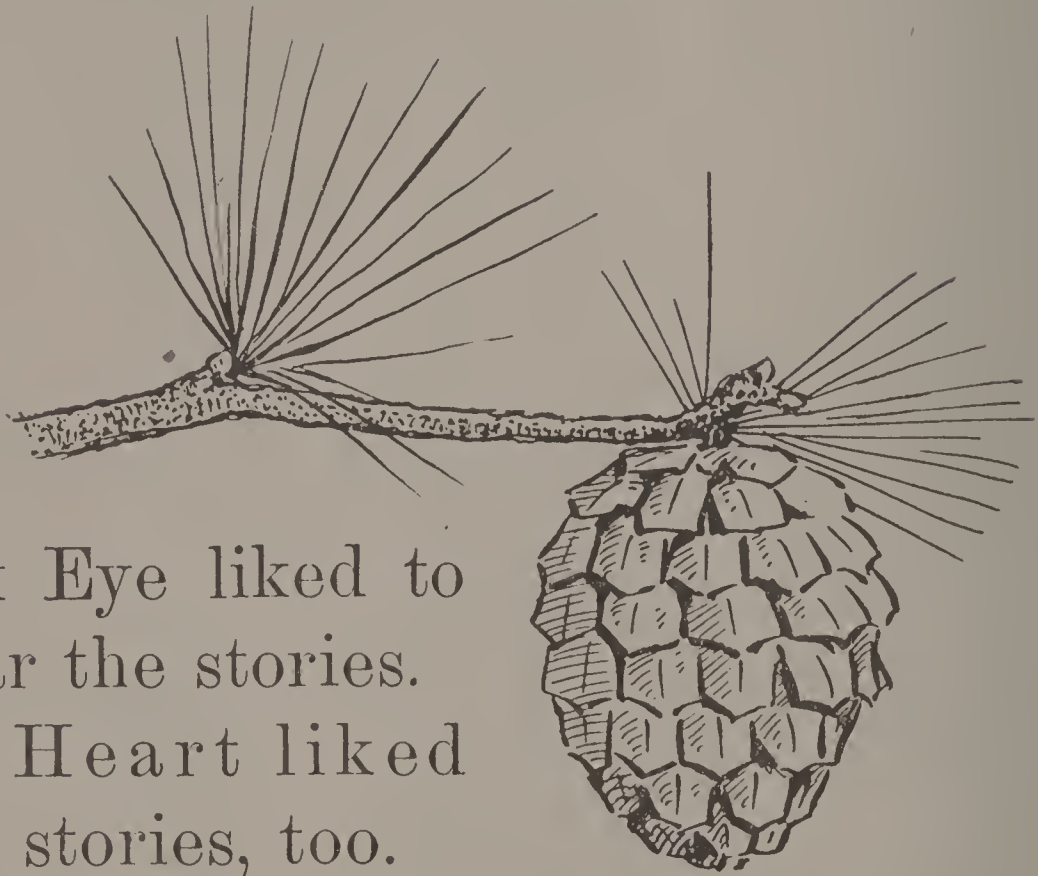
Hawk Eye and Lion Heart built a fire.
They built it outside the wigwam.
They put three sticks in the ground.
They hung a kettle from the sticks.



They built a fire under the kettle.
They cooked soup in the kettle.
They gave the soup to Red Jacket.
Red Jacket liked the soup very much.

LESSON 30

Red Jacket stayed a few days.
He told many stories.
He told stories about birds.
He told stories about animals.



Hawk Eye liked to
hear the stories.
Lion Heart liked
the stories, too.
Hawk Eye said: "Tell a story about a pine
tree."
"Tell a story about a tree with cones on it."
They all looked out of the wigwam.
They could see the pine trees.
The moon shone thro the trees.

LESSON 31

Red Jacket told this story:

One day three men went to Glooskap.

Glooskap was a great spirit.



One of the men wanted to be the tallest Indian in the whole world.

One of the men wanted to live forever on the earth.

The third man wished for good health and long life.

Glooskap called for an earthquake.
The earthquake came very soon.
The earthquake held the men's feet to the
ground.
Glooskap changed all the men into pine
trees!

LESSON 32

The wind whispers thro the pine trees.
The wind is telling a story.
It tells the story of the three men.
It tells many other stories.
A little papoose hangs from the pine tree.
The little papoose is all alone.
The little papoose is afraid.
Red Jacket says: "See the little papoose."
Medas takes the little papoose inside.
Lion Heart says: "I wonder who left the
papoose here."
Hawk Eye says: "You are welcome, little
papoose."

LESSON 33

Hawk Eye was not lonely any more.

Lion Heart
lived with
them.

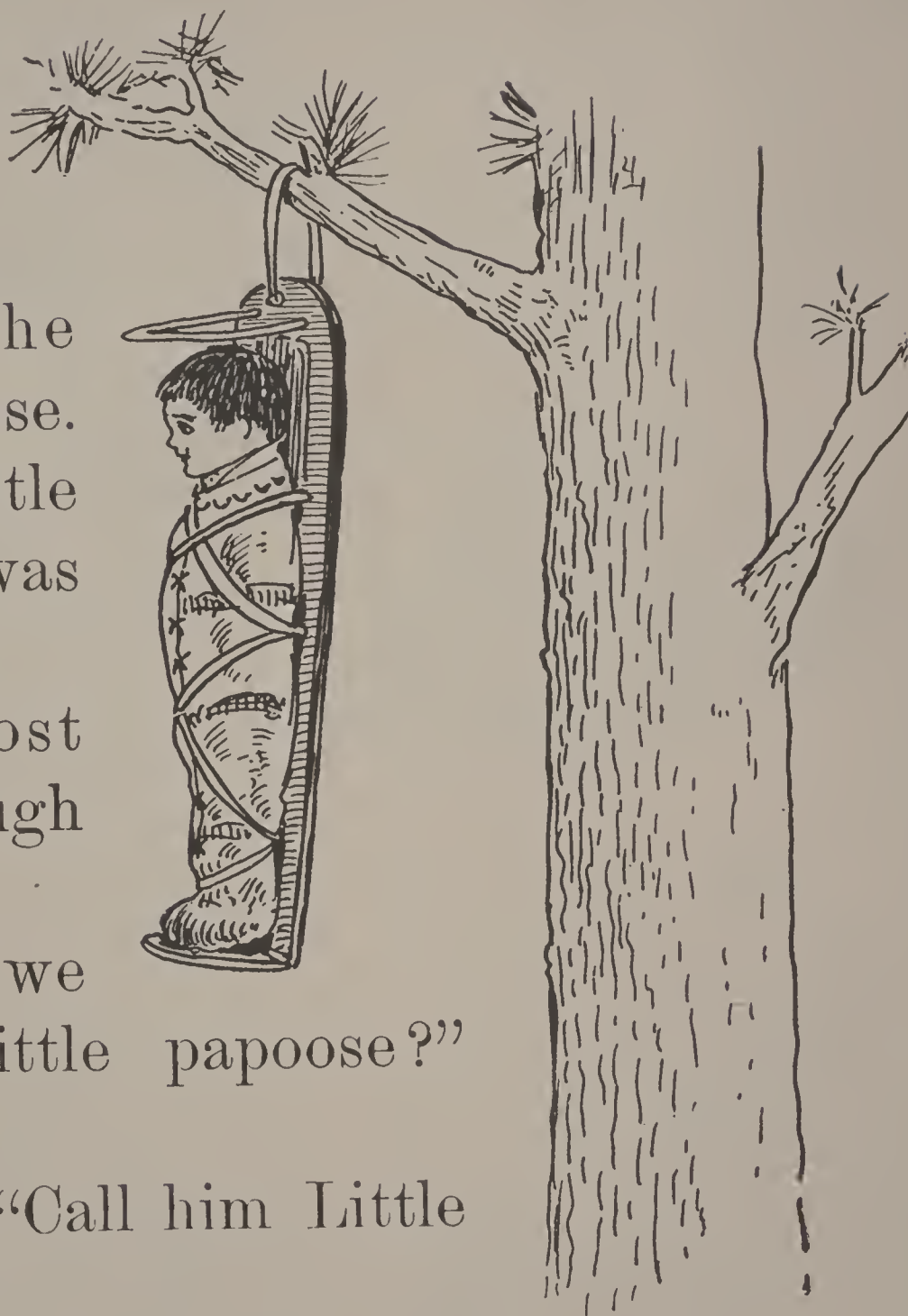
They took
care of the
little papoose.
The dear little
papoose was
not ill now.

It was almost
large enough
to walk.

“What shall we
call the little papoose?”
they said.

Medas said: “Call him Little
Thunder.”

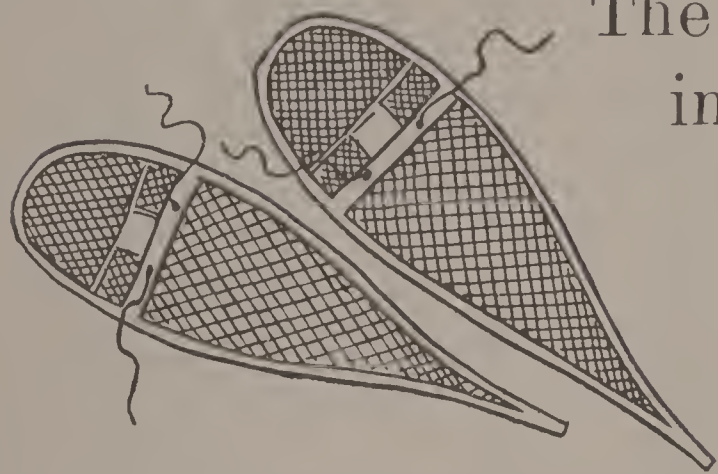
Hawk Eye said: “Call him Konteka.”
Konteka means “The Brave.”



Lion Heart said: "Call him Little Chief."
Then they said: "We will not give him any
name yet."

LESSON 34

Hawk Eye kept on making pictures.
Outside the snow fell silently.



The snow was very deep
in the forest.

The pine trees were
all covered with
snow.

All of the little In-
dian boys had snow-shoes.
They all walked on snow-shoes.
Hawk Eye and Lion Heart went out of
doors.

They both had on snow-shoes.
They saw a little boy coming toward them.
The boy was in fur from top to toe.
He was a jolly little Eskimo!

LESSON 35

The little Eskimo stopped still.

He said: "Are you Hawk Eye?"

Hawk Eye said: "Yes, I am Hawk Eye."



The little Eskimo said: "I have come to see you."

The little Eskimo said: "I have come to see your pictures."

Then they all went back to the wigwam.

Hawk Eye showed the little Eskimo his pictures.

The little Eskimo said he would stay a while.

Medas said: "Little Eskimo, you are welcome."

LESSON 36

Little Eskimo did not go home next day.

It snowed and snowed all day.

They built a fire in the middle of the wigwam.

The smoke went up thro a hole in the wigwam.

They all sat around the fire and talked.

Little Eskimo did not feel the cold.

Medas said: "Little Eskimo, can you name the papoose?"

Little Eskimo said he knew only one pretty name.

They all said: "Tell us the pretty name."

Little Eskimo said: "The name is Santa Claus."

LESSON 37

Little Eskimo said: "Santa Claus is coming."
Sure enough, it was late in December.

Little Eskimo said: "Santa Claus brings
toys."

Medas said: "Have you ever seen him?"



Little Eskimo said: "No one has ever seen
Santa Claus.

"Santa Claus comes during the night, driv-
ing over the snow.

"He drives his reindeer at night.

“He fills stockings for the Pale-Faces.
“Perhaps he will come to the wigwam.”
They all went to bed to dream of Santa
Claus.

LESSON 38

Hawk Eye could not go to sleep that night.
He was thinking about Santa Claus.
Hawk Eye had no stocking to hang up.

He had a pair
of moccasins.

He put one of
them outside
the wigwam.

He said: “It will
get full of snow.”

Hawk Eye heard
sleigh-bells late
at night.

He heard the patter, patter of reindeer-feet.
He said: “I wonder if good old Santa Claus
is coming.”



In the morning there was snow in the moccasin.

There was a book under the snow.

There was candy, too, in the moccasin!

Santa Claus had been there in the night.

LESSON 39

“Merry Christmas!” called Hawk Eye.

Little Eskimo said: “I will get a Christmas-tree.”

The boys went into the woods.

They chopped down a little tree.

They put the tree on a sled.

They took it back to the wigwam.

They put pictures on the tree.

The Christmas-tree had snow on it.



They all danced about the tree.

Medas said: "Can you read the new book?"

No one could read a word in the book.

The book had fine pictures in it.

LESSON 40

Little Eskimo said: "Come out with me."

It had stopped snowing by that time.

The sun shone brightly thro the trees.

Little Eskimo showed them how to make a snow-house.

They worked many days at the snow-house.

They made a real Eskimo snow-house.

They often played in the snow-house.

Little Eskimo said: "I must go home soon."

Hawk Eye said: "How will you get home?"

Little Eskimo said: "My brother drives dogs.

"He will come with the dogs and sled."

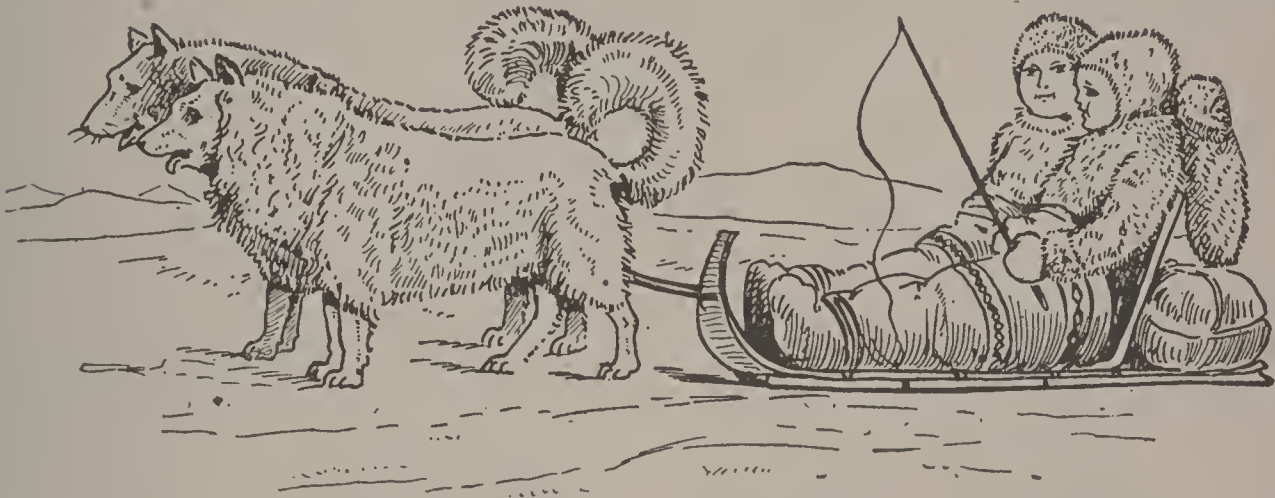
LESSON 41

Little Eskimo's brother came next day.

He drove two very fine dogs.

He said: "Is Little Eskimo here?"

They all shouted: "Here is another Eskimo!"



They gave the new Eskimo something to eat.

They fed the dogs reindeer-skin.

Next day Little Eskimo said: "We must go home."

Little Eskimo's brother said: "Will you all go with me?"

Medas said: "Ugh, ugh, too cold for me!"

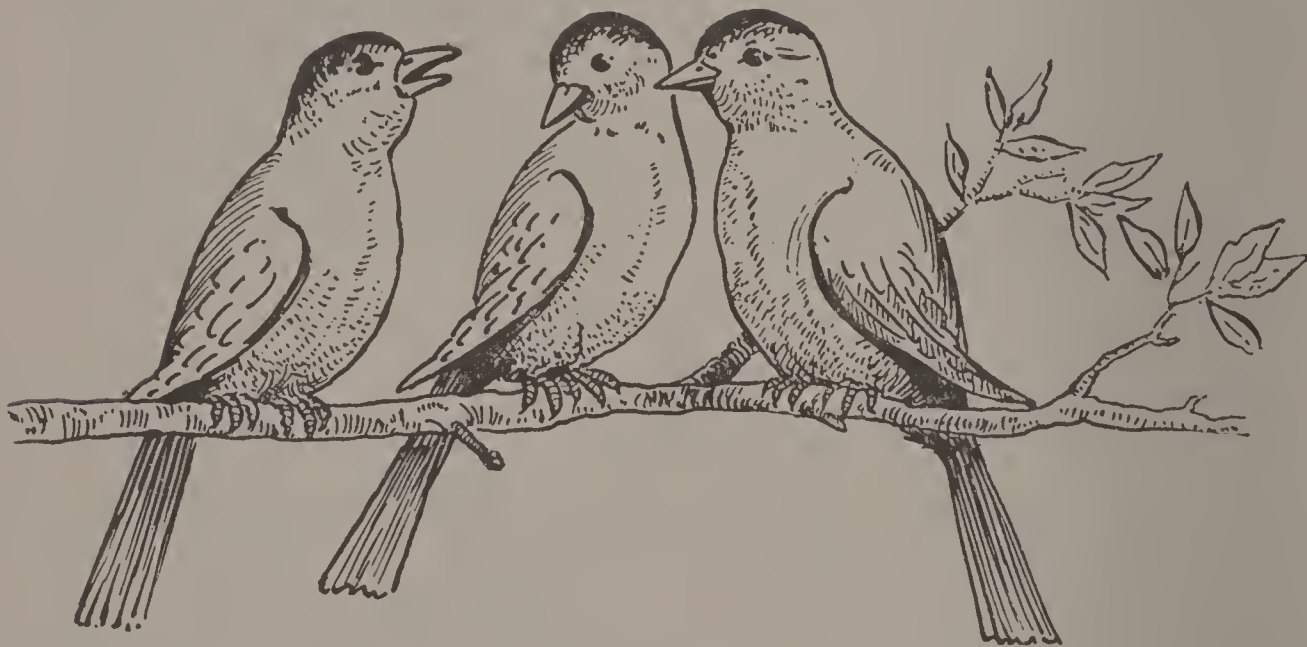
Lion Heart said: "Ugh, ugh, too many bears!"

Hawk Eye said: "Ugh, ugh, too much ice!"

The little papoose clapped its hands.

Little Eskimo said: "I will take you, papoose."

Little Eskimo took the papoose home.



LESSON 42

Medas said: "It will soon be spring again."

Lion Heart said: "I heard a robin sing."

Lion Heart was busy drawing pictures.

He made pictures of birds every day.

He made a picture of a sparrow.
He made a picture of a robin.
He said: "Some day I shall know all the
birds."
Hawk Eye said: "Some day I shall read my
book."
He looked at the book very often.
The book had pictures of Indians in it.
The book had a picture of a wigwam in it.
It had a picture of an Indian boy.
It had a picture of a bow and arrow.

LESSON 43

The writing in the book was strange to
Hawk Eye.
It did not look like
Indian writing.
There were small
letters on every
page.
Hawk Eye began to copy the letters.



He said: "I will visit the Pale Faces.

"I will go to their school some day.

"I will learn how they read and write."

Medas said: "You may go in the spring."

Hawk Eye said: "I will ride in the canoe."

Spring came at last.

All the birds were singing.

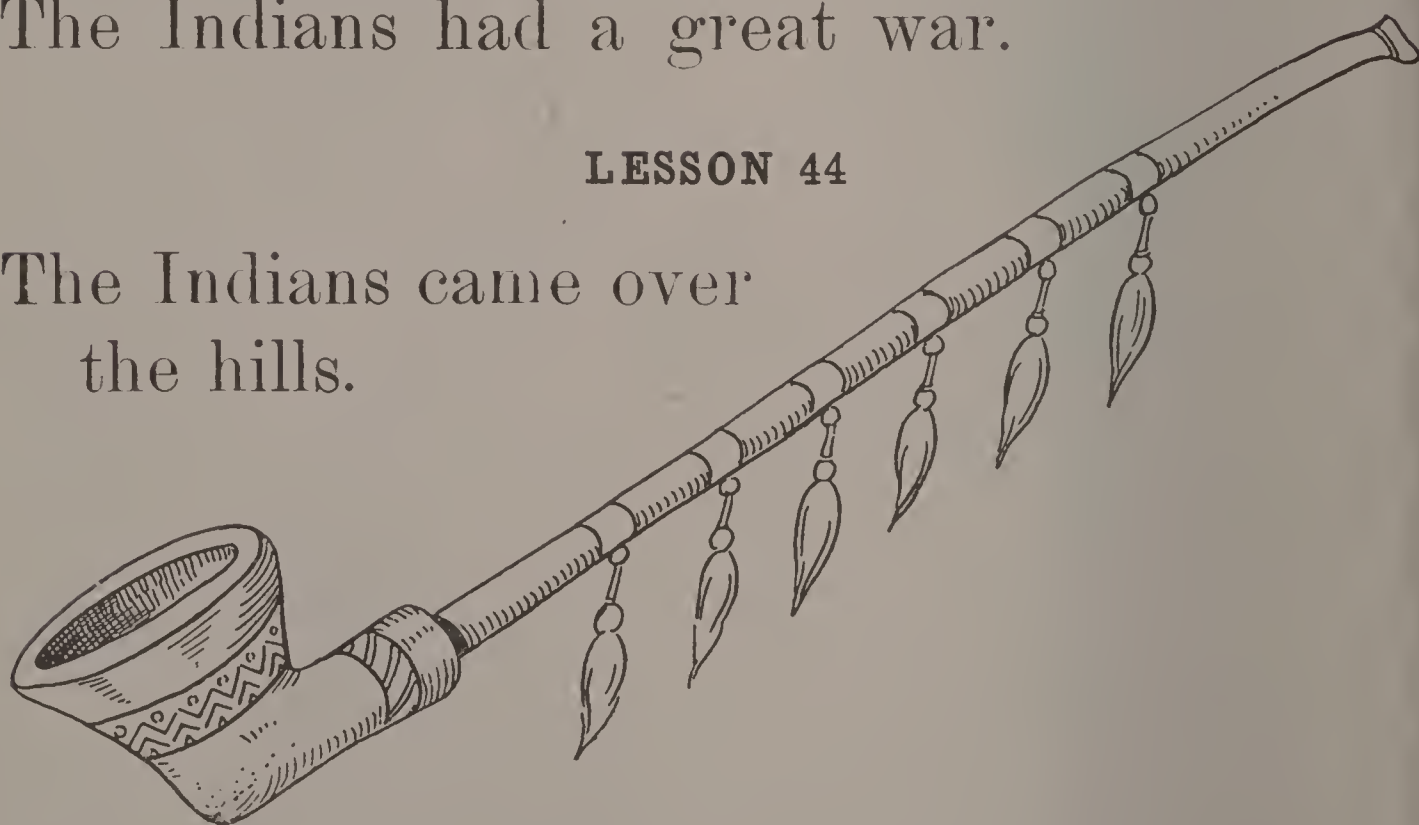
The rabbits came out into the woods.

The squirrels came out too.

The Indians had a great war.

LESSON 44

The Indians came over
the hills.



They came in great numbers.

The Indians were very war-like.

They all had paint on their faces.
They had clubs in their hands.
They said: "Gitchee Manito called us.
"He told us to bring our clubs."
All the tribes of Indians came.
Gitchee Manito said: "We will have peace."
He made a great pipe to smoke.
He called it the peace-pipe.

LESSON 45

Gitchee Manito said: "I have given you
woods to hunt in."
Gitchee Manito said: "Why are you not
happy?"
Gitchee Manito told the Indians to bury
their clubs.
He told the Indians to wash their faces.
They did as they were told.
They buried their war-clubs.
They said: "We will wash our faces."
They all washed the paint off their faces.

The Indians all made peace-pipes.
They said: "We will quarrel no more."
They made the pipes of red stone.
They took the pipes home with them.
They did not quarrel any more.
They were at peace.

LESSON 46

The little papoose did not like the Eskimos.
The little papoose came back to Medas.
Medas said: "Welcome, little papoose."
Medas said: "Have you seen Hawk Eye?"
Hawk Eye had been gone a long time.
Hawk Eye had sailed away in the canoe.
He had been gone from the wigwam five
years.
Medas missed him very much.
The little papoose had not seen Hawk
Eye.

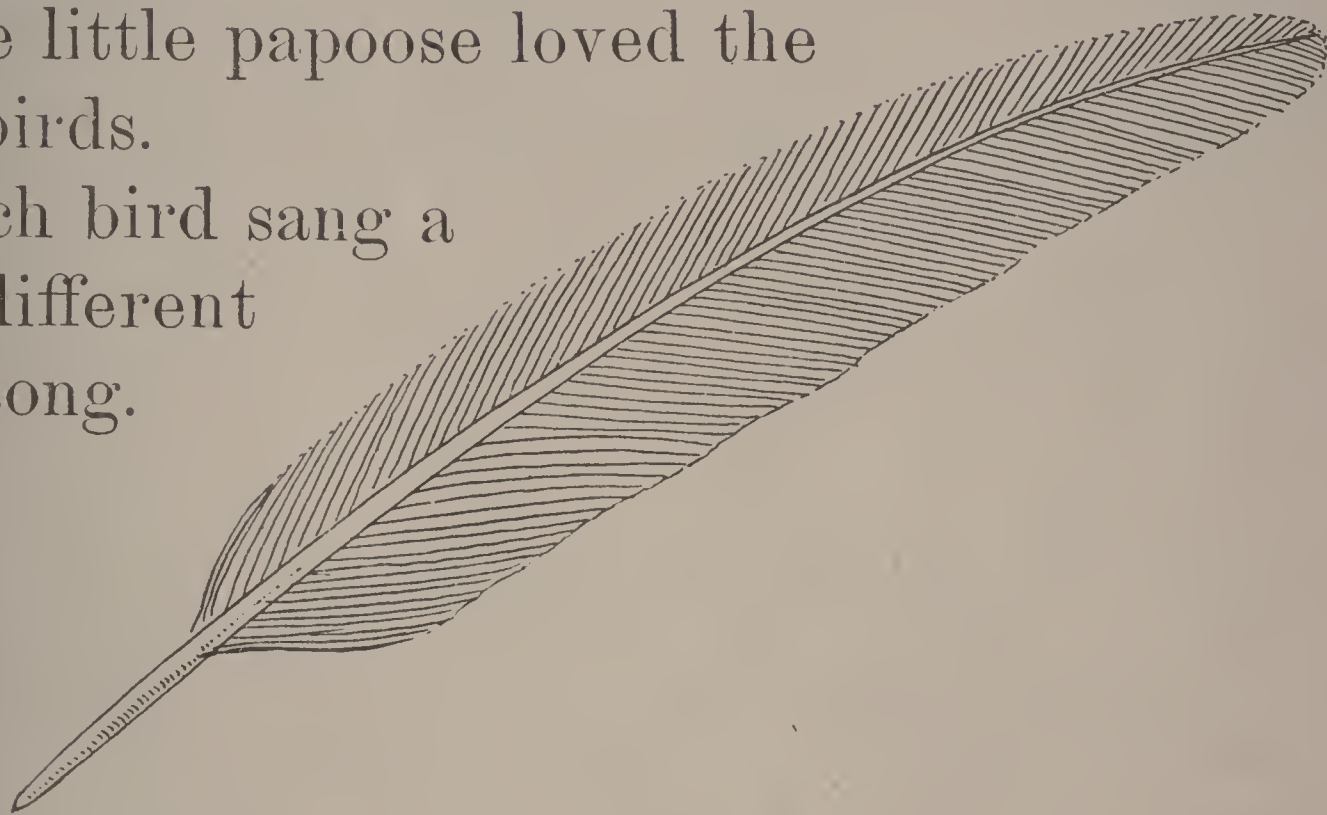
The little papoose was six years old now.
He liked to go out and play in the woods.

LESSON 47

The little papoose said: "I wish I had a name."
Medas said: "I will give you a name some day."

The little papoose loved the
birds.

Each bird sang a
different
song.



There were many birds in the woods.
The birds were not afraid of little papoose.
The little papoose picked up many birds'
feathers.

One day he took a pretty feather to the
wigwam.

Medas said: "I will name you Pearl
Feather."

LESSON 48

Pearl Feather had no bow and arrow.

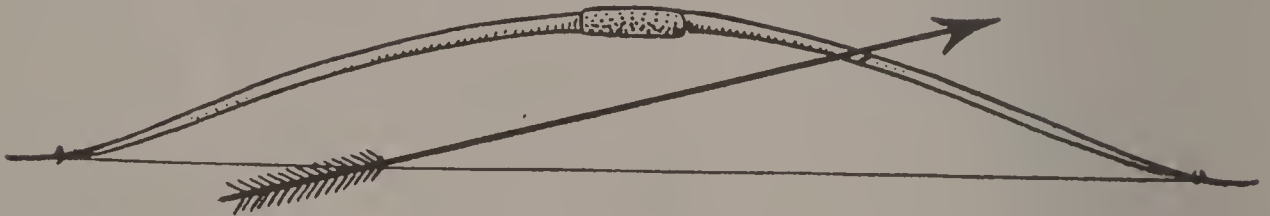
Medas said: "Where are Hawk Eye's bow and arrow?"

They found Hawk Eye's bow and arrow.

Then Pearl Feather became a hunter.

He went hunting and fishing often.

Once Medas said: "Do not hunt to-day."



Pearl Feather said: "Why shall I not hunt to-day?"

Medas said: "I wish you to gather herbs for me to-day."

Pearl Feather went out with a basket.

He gathered herbs all day.

Medas made medicine from the herbs.

LESSON 49

It was summer time now.
All the flowers were growing.
All the birds were singing.
The stars and moon were bright.
Medas said: "I wonder where Hawk Eye
is now."
Pearl Feather said: "Why did he go away?"
"He went away to learn to read," said
Medas.
"Why did he want to read?" asked Pearl
Feather.
Medas said: "Santa Claus brought him a
new book."
"Were there pictures in the book?" asked
Pearl Feather.
Medas said: "There were pictures of Indians
in the book."

LESSON 50

Medas and Pearl Feather were talking.
The wind was singing in the pine trees.

The leaves in the path rustled.
Some one was coming to the wigwam.
Could Hawk Eye be coming home?



A stranger stood in the
moonlight.

The stranger was a
Japanese girl.

The Japanese girl said:
“Is Hawk Eye here?”

Medas said: “Come into
the wigwam and rest.”

LESSON 51

The Japanese girl car-
ried a parasol.

She carried a pretty fan,
too.

She said she had come
to see Hawk Eye.

She had heard about Hawk Eye's pictures.
Medas said Hawk Eye was not at home.
Hawk Eye had sailed away in a canoe.

The Japanese girl said: "What is a canoe?"
She said: "I wish I could ride in a canoe!"
Medas said: "We will make you a canoe."
The Japanese girl said: "What is that sound?"

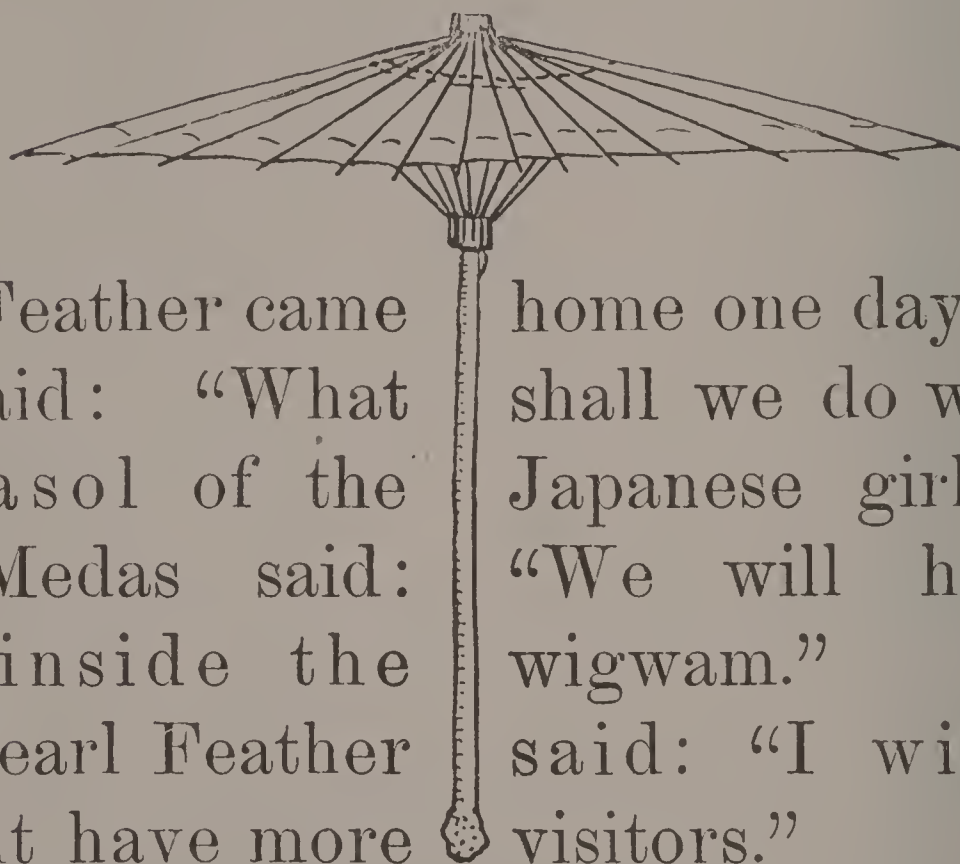
Pearl Feather said: "The birds are singing."
The Japanese girl liked the birds' song.
She said: "Our birds do not sing."
"Where do you live?" asked Pearl Feather.
The Japanese girl said: "In the Sunrise Land."

LESSON 52

Pearl Feather was very busy.
He was building a canoe for the Japanese girl.
He built it beside the river.
He made the canoe of bark.
He worked hard every day.
At last the canoe was finished.
Pearl Feather talked to the Japanese girl.
He said: "Japanese girl, will you go with me in the canoe?"

The Japanese girl made a polite bow.
She gave her parasol to Medas.
She gave her fan to Pearl Feather.
She sailed homeward in the canoe.

LESSON 53



Pearl Feather came home one day.
He said: "What shall we do with the
parasol of the Japanese girl?"
And Medas said: "We will hang it
up inside the wigwam."
And Pearl Feather said: "I wish we
might have more visitors."

Several days passed by, and they were alone.
Several nights passed by, and they were
alone.

Then the leaves began to rustle.
Pearl Feather said: "Some one is coming."

Who do you suppose was coming?
It was a little boy from Holland.
He talked very fast to Medas.
Medas could not understand a word he said.

LESSON 54

The stranger wore very odd clothes.
He wore odd shoes, too.
His shoes were made of wood.
He carried a piece of paper.
On the paper were written two words.
The words were "Hawk Eye."
Then Medas knew what he wanted.
The little boy had come to see Hawk Eye.
He had come to see Hawk Eye's fine pictures.

LESSON 55

Medas said: "Hawk Eye is a great artist."
Pearl Feather said: "His pictures are fine."
The little boy from Holland went away.
Pearl Feather gave him a pair of moccasins.

The boy left his wooden shoes in the wigwam.
The stranger liked the moccasins.



Pearl Feather said: "I
like the new shoes."

Medas said: "We will
hang up the wooden
shoes."

LESSON 56

A great many visitors
came to the wigwam.
They came every week
or two.

They came from many
countries.

They all wanted to see Hawk Eye.

They looked at his pictures.

Each visitor left a present.

The Arab left a fine black horse.

He took the canoe for the horse.

Pearl Feather made another canoe.

He liked to ride on the black horse.

Lu Wing came to see Hawk Eye.
 Lu Wing stayed outside the wigwam.
 Lu Wing had a long pig-tail.
 He wore the pig-tail down his back.
 He said: "I have come to see
 Hawk Eye draw."

Medas said: "Hawk
 Eye is not at home."

Lu Wing said: "Please
 give me one of his
 pictures."

They gave Lu Wing a
 picture which Hawk
 Eye had drawn.

Lu Wing left his chop-
 sticks for a present.

Medas had never seen
 chop-sticks.

Pearl Feather did not know what they
 were.



LESSON 58

All the Indian boys were playing.
Medas and Pearl Feather went to see the
games.

The Indian boys had bows and arrows.
They kept as many arrows flying as they
could.

All the boys played the games.
Pearl Feather could shoot very far.
He could shoot farther than the other boys.
Pearl Feather had a fine bow and arrow.
Every one said: "Where is Hawk Eye?"
Pearl Feather said: "I will find him."

LESSON 59

Pearl Feather said: "I will ride the black
horse."

The black horse was very handsome.
The horse could go very fast.
Pearl Feather said: "I will find Hawk Eye."
It was late summer. The leaves were red.

Pearl Feather rode thro the woods.
He rode very fast thro the woods.
The birds were singing in the trees.
The deer were afraid
of the horse.
The black bear was
in his cave.

LESSON 60

Pearl Feather said to
the birds: "Where
is Hawk Eye?"

The birds said: "We

have not seen him, ask the squirrels."

Pearl Feather asked the squirrels about
Hawk Eye.

The squirrels said: "Ask the black bear."

Pearl Feather said: "How can I talk to the
black bear?"

The horse was afraid of the black bear.

Pearl Feather rode the horse home.



'They rode back to the wigwam.
Pearl Feather left the horse with Medas.
He started out on foot, thro the forest.



LESSON 61

Pearl Feather climbed up into a tree.
He looked toward the Indian village.
Soon he heard a great growl.
Under the tree stood the black bear.
Pearl Feather said: "Where is Hawk Eye?"

The bear rolled his wicked eyes.

Pearl Feather said:

“I will shoot you.”

The black bear was afraid.

He said: “I will tell about Hawk Eye.

“Hawk Eye went to see the Pale Faces.

“Hawk Eye went away to school.”

Pearl Feather said:

“How shall I find Hawk Eye?”

LESSON 62

The black bear did not answer.

He began to climb the tree.

The black bear was very hungry.



He said: "I will eat you."

Pearl Feather was a great jumper.

He jumped to the next tree and the next.

The black bear was very angry.

He growled and said: "Where is Hawk Eye?"

"I know, but I will not tell."

Then Pearl Feather jumped down from the tree.

He ran faster than the black bear.

He was soon out of sight.

LESSON 63

Pearl Feather went to see the Pale Faces.

The Pale Faces had a big school.

They taught the Indians to read and write.

They said: "Hawk Eye has gone home."

Then Pearl Feather said: "I must go home."

Pearl Feather learned a new word from the Pale Faces.

The new word was an Indian name. It was Hiawatha.

“Who was Hiawatha?” asked Pearl Feather. The Pale Faces said: “Hiawatha was an Indian boy.”

LESSON 64

For days and days Pearl Feather went thro the forest.

He was looking for Hawk Eye all the time.

The black bear was looking for Pearl Feather.

Pearl Feather was not afraid of the black bear.



Late one night he went to the bear's cave. All the bears were asleep.

Pearl Feather said, softly: “Is Hawk Eye here?”

One of the little cubs woke up.

He said: "Hawk Eye was here, but he went down the river."

Pearl Feather said: "He will go home soon."

The cub said: "It is the Moon of Leaves."

It was late autumn. It was the Moon of Leaves.



LESSON 65

There was a canoe on the river.

An Indian was in the canoe.

The shore was lined with Indians.

The Indians were dancing and shouting.

They said: "It is Hawk Eye, he has come home."

Hawk Eye rode fast in the canoe.

He saw Pearl Feather. He shouted:

"Ha! ha! The little papoose is a great chief!"

Then Hawk Eye stopped his canoe.

Pearl Feather got in beside him.

Hawk Eye said: "Have you a new wigwam?"

Pearl Feather said: "We live in the same wigwam."

LESSON 66

All the Indians followed them.

Medas stood in the door of the wigwam.

They had a great feast for Hawk Eye.

They had an Indian pow-wow.

They danced about the wigwam.

They said: "We will have but one tribe.

"We will have Hawk Eye for our chief."

Hawk Eye was strong and brave.

He said: "Brothers, I will be your chief."

Hawk Eye said: "I learned how the Pale Faces read.

"I can teach you a new way to read and write."

Then the Indians all went home happy.



LESSON 67

Medas said: "We must have a new wigwam for our chief."

Hawk Eye said: "We will build a house."

Hawk Eye showed them how to build a house.

They all worked on the house every day.

They built a log house in the woods.
The house had a door and a window.
All the Indians came to see the house.
The Indians liked the log house.
They built log houses in the village.
All the Indians liked Hawk Eye.

LESSON 68

Hawk Eye saw the Japanese parasol and fan.

He said: "Who left the parasol and fan?"

Pearl Feather said: "A Japanese girl left them."

Hawk Eye said: "I can tell you about Japan.

"Japan is an Island a long way from here.

"The Japanese all carry parasols and fans.

"The Japanese' people are very polite.



“They bow when they meet their friends.
“They call Japan Sunrise Land.
“Some day we shall visit Sunrise Land.”

LESSON 69

The next day Hawk Eye saw the wooden shoes.



He said: “Where did the wooden shoes come from?”

Pearl Feather said: “A boy from Holland brought them.”

Hawk Eye said: “I will tell you about Holland.

“Holland is a very flat country.

“The people build dykes to keep out the waves of the sea.

“Holland is a land of windmills.

“The people skate a great deal.

“The children skate to school.
“I will draw pictures of the windmills.”
Then Hawk Eye made pictures of the wind-
mills.

LESSON 70

Hawk Eye rode on the black horse.
He said: “Where did the horse come from?”
Pearl Feather said: “The
Arab left the horse.
“He traded the horse for
the canoe.”
Hawk Eye said: “There
are fine horses in
Arabia.
“The people of Arabia
make their tents of skin.
“They ride over the desert.
“The desert is a great sandy plain.
“The wind sweeps over the desert.
“The wind blows the sand over the desert.
“The Arab is proud of his horse.”



LESSON 71

Hawk Eye saw the chop-sticks.

He said: "Where did the chop-sticks come from?"

Pearl Feather said: "Lu Wing left the chop-sticks."

Then Hawk Eye laughed.

He said: "I will use the chop-sticks."

He began to eat food with the chop-sticks.

He said: "Lu Wing eats this way."

Hawk Eye said: "I have read about the Chinese:

"Some day I will go to China.

"I will spend New Year's Day in China.

"The Chinese people ring bells on New Year's Day.



“They hang out their lanterns on New Year’s Day.

“They have a merry time on New Year’s Day.”

LESSON 72

Hawk Eye said: “Why did the Japanese girl come?”

Pearl Feather said: “She came to see you draw.”

Hawk Eye said: “Why did the other people come?”

Medas said: “They all came to see you draw.”

Hawk Eye said: “I wonder if they will come again!”

Medas said: “Have you learned to read?”

Hawk Eye took out a book.

It was the book Santa Claus had brought him.

He said: “The book is about an Indian boy.

“The story is about little Hiawatha.

“Hiawatha lived in a forest as we do.

“He lived with old Nokomis in the wigwam.”

LESSON 73

Hawk Eye read the story of Hiawatha to them.

He read every evening about Hiawatha.

Pearl Feather learned the story by heart.

Medas liked to hear about Hiawatha.

All the Indians came to see Hawk Eye.

Hawk Eye taught them to read and write.

The Indians liked the story of Hiawatha.

One very old squaw remembered the story.

One very, very old chief remembered the story.

They said: "Hiawatha was an Indian boy.

"Hiawatha hunted and fished as we do.

"Hiawatha built himself a canoe.

"Hiawatha was a great chief."



LESSON 74

Grandpa Medas was very old.
One day he said: "Where is my canoe?"
He sailed far away in the canoe.
He did not come back for a long time.
Hawk Eye said: "Let us sail away, too."



Pearl Feather said: "Where shall we go?"
Hawk Eye said: "We will visit the Pale
Faces."

They sailed away in the canoe.
They went to visit the Pale Faces.
The Pale Faces were friendly.
Hawk Eye told them Indian stories.
He told them stories about the wind.

LESSON 75

One of the Pale Faces sang this little song:

The wind has a song as he whistles
along,

When the night is stormy and cold.

So cover up warm to keep safe from
harm,

For the wind king is terribly bold.

The wind has a song as he whistles
along;

He sends the snow-fairies about.

If you were awake, a peep you could
take;

You'd see them, without any doubt.

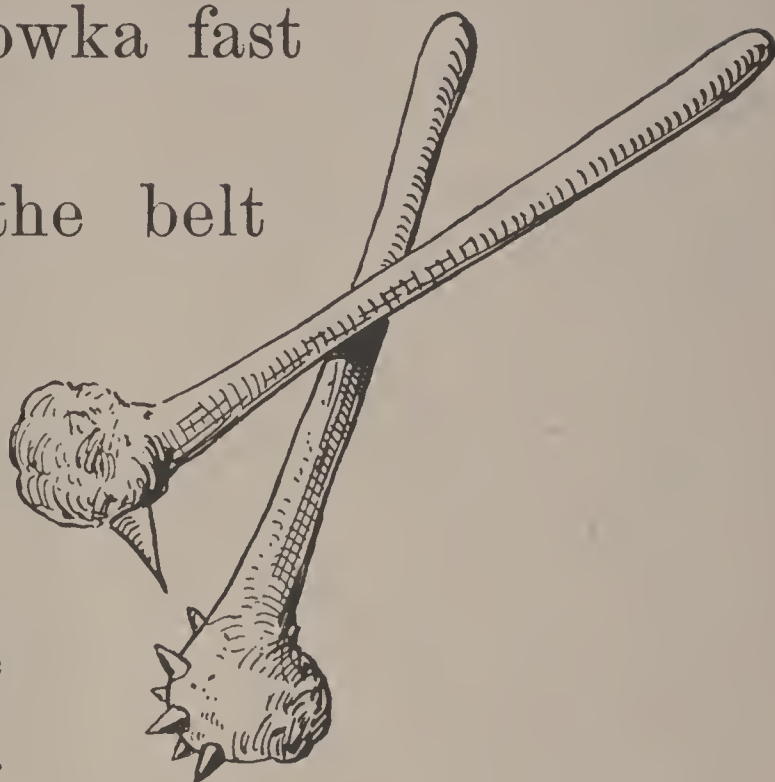
LESSON 76

Mudjekeewis was a very brave Indian
warrior.

He went to hunt Mishe Mowka.

Mishe Mowka was a great bear.
Every one was afraid of Mishe Mowka.
Mudjekeewis had a belt with him.
He found Mishe Mowka fast
asleep.
Mudjekeewis put the belt
over the bear's
head.

He struck the bear
with his club.
He killed Mishe
Mowka the bear.



All the Indians were glad.
The people made Mudjekeewis ruler of all
the winds.
He was ruler of all the winds that blow.

LESSON 77

Mudjekeewis said: "What shall I do with
the east wind?
"I will give the east wind to my son Wabun."

Mudjekeewis said: "What shall I do with the south wind?"

"I will give the south wind to my son Shawondasee."

Mudjekeewis said: "What shall I do with the north wind?"

"I will give the north wind to my son Kabibonokka."

Mudjekeewis said: "What shall I do with the west wind?"

He said: "I will keep the west wind myself."

So Mudjekeewis kept the west wind.

Wabun ruled over the east wind.

Shawondasee ruled over the south wind.

Kabibonokka ruled over the north wind.

Mudjekeewis ruled over the west wind himself.

LESSON 78

Mudjekeewis said: "My three sons shall help me.

"They shall help me rule over the winds.

“Wabun shall rule the east wind.”
Wabun came from the east.
He came early in the morning.
All the birds and flowers loved Wabun.
Wabun was very lonely.
One day he saw a girl with blue
eyes.

Her eyes were
blue as the
sky.

Wabun called the girl
to come to him.
The girl went to live
in the sky.

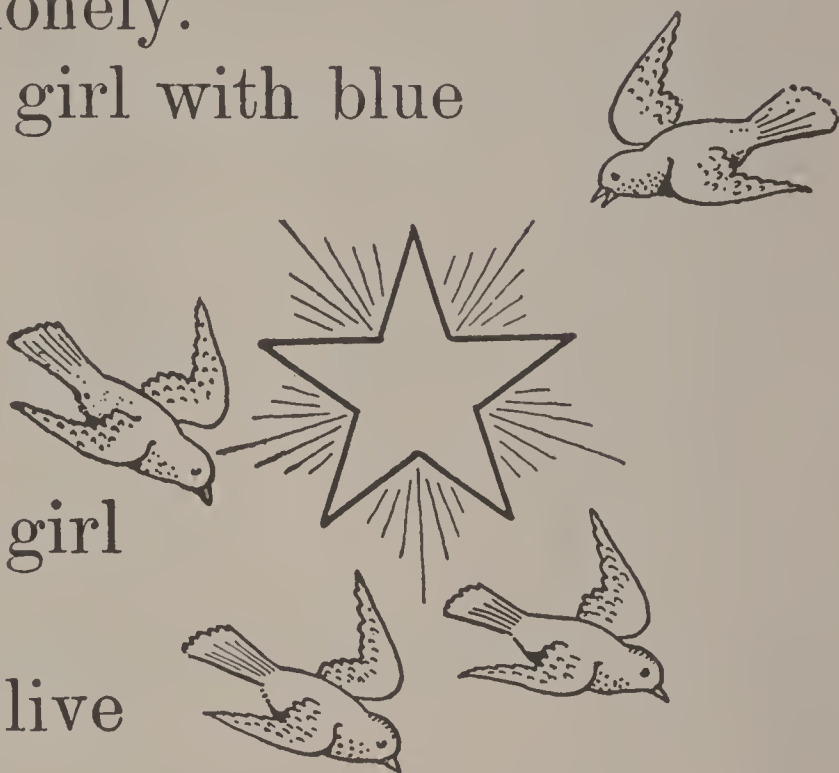
She went to live with Wabun.

Wabun called her: “Star of the Morning.”

LESSON 79

Mudjekeewis said: “Kabibonokka shall help
me.

“Kabibonokka shall rule the north wind.”
Kabibonokka blew a long breath.



All the pretty flowers withered.
One day Kabibonokka went away.
He went to see an old man.
He went to see Shingebis.
He went inside the wigwam.
Shingebis was not afraid.
Shingebis drove Kabibonokka away.
This is an Indian story.
It is the Indian story of the north wind
and the sun.

LESSON 80

Mudjekeewis said: "Shawondasee shall help
me.
"Shawondasee shall rule the south wind."
Shawondasee loved the birds and flowers.
One day he looked northward.
He saw a lovely maiden.
The maiden wore a green cloak.
Her hair was as yellow as the sun.
One day he looked northward again.
The maiden's hair had turned white.

He looked again, and she was gone.
The wind had blown the maiden away.
She was not really a maiden at all.
She was only a pretty yellow
dandelion.

LESSON 81

Little fairy dandelion
Has a heart of gold,
But her hair will all turn
white

Some day, I am told!
Little fairy dandelion,
When you sail away,
Will you meet the butterflies
On a summer's day?



LESSON 82

Pearl Feather told a story.
He told a story about the rainbow.
He said: "The rainbow is very pretty.

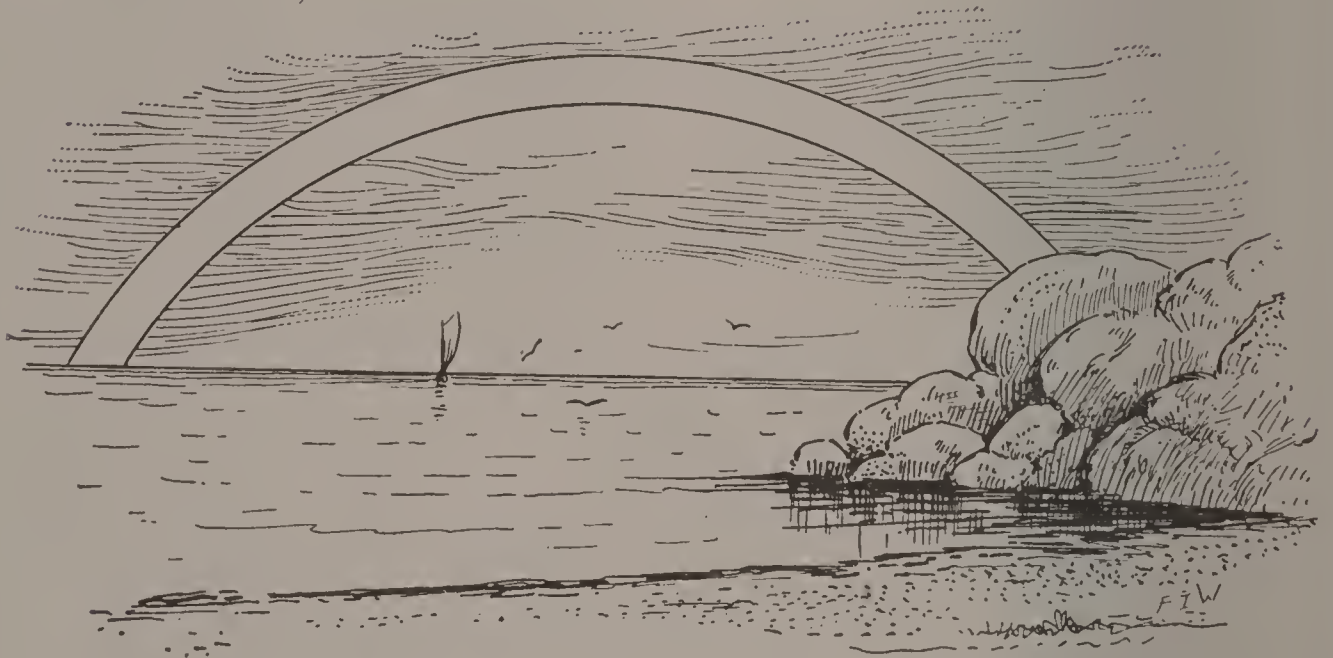
“The rainbow is made of flowers.”

It had been raining a little.

It had been raining while Pearl Feather talked.

Pretty soon the sun came out.

Then the rainbow came in the sky.



The Indians all saw the pretty rainbow.

They said: “See the colors in the rainbow!”

They said: “The rainbow is made of flowers!”

LESSON 83

Some Indians were chasing a bear.
It was a very large bear.
A giant came into the woods.
The giant killed most of the Indians.
He killed all but three Indians.
These three Indians went to live in the sky.
The great bear went to live in the sky, too.
The great bear was never caught by the
Indians.
You can see the great bear in the sky at night.
Some people call the bear the big dipper.

LESSON 84

Winter was a very old man.
He sat alone in his wigwam.
Winter had driven the birds and the flowers
away.
Spring came to the door of the wigwam.
Spring said: "When I speak the flowers
waken."

Spring began to whistle a tune.
All the birds came back.
The flowers began to bloom.



Winter did not
like the sun-
shine.
He went out of
the wigwam.
Winter was gone
a long time.
A spring flower
sprang up in
the wigwam.
Spring ruled over
the earth.

LESSON 85

Spring again! spring again!
Robin, bluebird, thrush and wren,
All are here, all are here,
Singing songs so clear.

And a-trooping o'er the hills,
Comes a host of daffodils,
Spring again, spring again,
Spring is here again!

LESSON 86

There was a big thunder storm.
Pearl Feather told this story to the Pale
Faces:

A little boy went up into the sky.
Men in the sky wore big wings.
They made thunder with their wings.
The men shot arrows to the earth.
The arrows were the lightning.
The little boy got a pair of wings.
He made thunder in the sky.
At last he went back to earth.
The Indians said they had had a thunder
storm.
The little boy was glad to come back to the
earth.

LESSON 87

Once there was a little frog.

He was always cold.

He used to croak every night.



The earth was dark
at night.

There was no moon
shining.

The whip-poor-will
said: "We must
have a moon."

The frog said he
would help make
the moon.

The frog went to live in the moon.

You can see his shadow in the moon.

LESSON 88

The chipmunk has black stripes.

He has stripes on his back.

This is how he got them:

The chipmunk lived near the water.
The water once came too near his home.
He tried to beat the water back.
He beat the water with his tail.
He was afraid the little chipmunks would
drown.
A good spirit saw the chipmunk at work.
The good spirit took hold of the chipmunk.
The good spirit said: "I will keep the water
away."
The good spirit left the mark of his hand
on the chipmunk.
He made three stripes on the chipmunk's
back.

LESSON 89

One of the Pale Faces said: "How did the
robin get a red breast?"
Pearl Feather said: "I can tell you.
"Once there was only one fire.
"A man and a boy took care of the fire.
"The old man was very sick.

“He said the boy must watch the fire.

“The boy was tired and fell asleep.

“The white bear watched the fire.

“He put one of his paws on the fire.

“He thought he had put the fire out.”



LESSON 90

Hawk Eye said: “You did not tell all the story.

“A little robin flew past the fire.

“The robin saw there was a spark left.

“She fanned the spark with her wings.

“She went very near the fire.

“She flew off and carried fire with her.

“Then everybody had
fire.

“The robin scorched
her breast.

“All the robins have
red breasts now.

“Everyone loves the
robin.”



LESSON 91

A little rabbit ran past.

Some one said: “See the little rabbit!”

Hawk Eye said: “See its black stripes!”

He said: “The stripes are between its
shoulders.”

Pearl Feather said: “I will tell you a story:

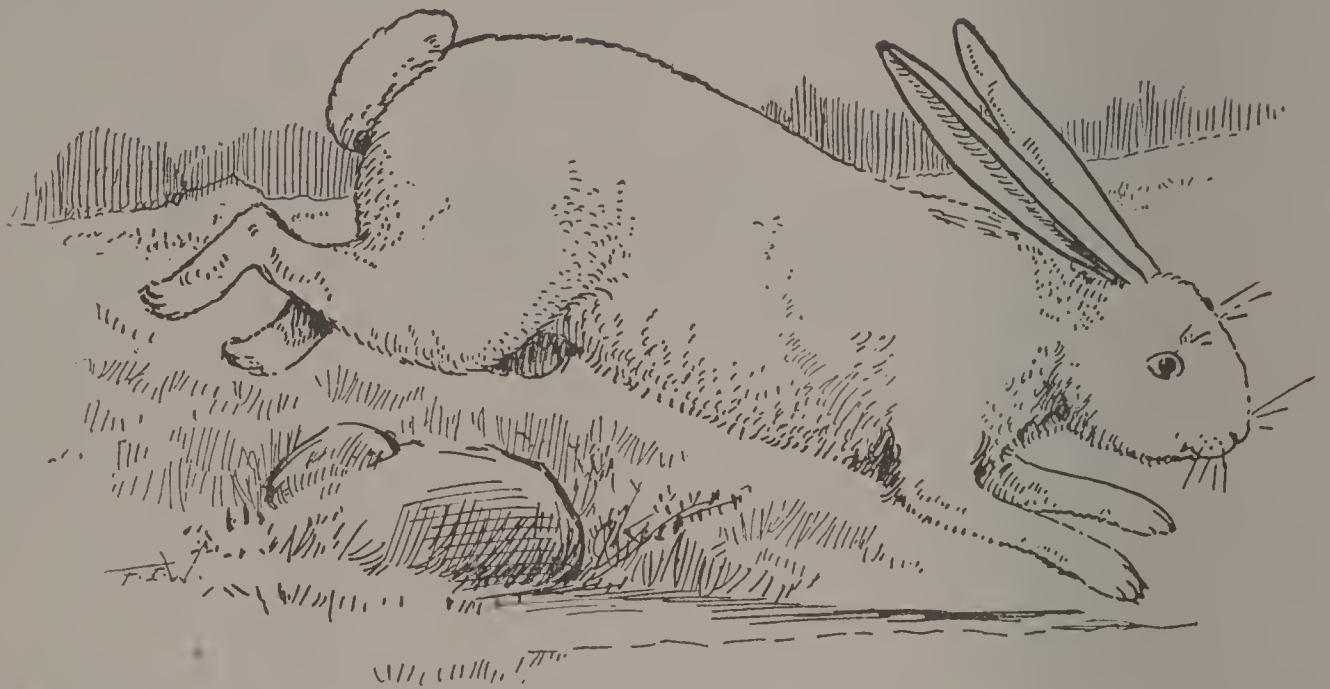
“Once a rabbit saw the sun.

“The sun was caught in a trap.

“The rabbit said: ‘I will let you out.’

“The rabbit went too near the sun.

“The sun was very hot.



“It burned the rabbit’s hair.

“The rabbit has black stripes between its shoulders.”

LESSON 92

Once all the birds met together.

They said: “We shall see which bird is strongest.”

All the birds flew up in the air.

The eagle flew the farthest of all.

When he came down again to earth a little bird flew off the eagle's back.

The little bird was a linnet.

The linnet said: "I flew off the eagle's back."

The linnet said: "I am the strongest bird."

The other birds said: "The eagle is the strongest."

All Indians like to wear eagles' feathers.

LESSON 93

Hawk Eye said: "Good-by, Pale Faces."

Pearl Feather said: "Good-by, Pale Faces."

Hawk Eye said: "We must go home."

Pearl Feather said: "I like to live in the woods."

Hawk Eye said: "I wonder how Grandpa Medas is."

Pearl Feather said: "I wonder if he is in the log house."

They left the canoe behind them.

They had a long tramp in the woods.



It was late autumn time.

The Indians called it the Moon of Leaves.

The leaves fell from the trees.

The leaves made a soft carpet to walk on.

LESSON 94

They walked thro the woods all day.
They slept in a cave all night.
The cave belonged to the black bear.
The black bear was not in the cave.
They were not afraid in the cave.
They said: "The forest is our home."
Next day they went on homeward.
They talked to the birds and squirrels.
Pearl Feather made a wreath of autumn
leaves.
There was a haze over the hills.
Hawk Eye said: "The south wind is smok-
ing a pipe."

LESSON 95

On their journey home they sang songs.
Sometimes they walked very slowly.
Sometimes they ran very fast.
They went by winding paths.
They went across many streams.
Hawk Eye killed a great bear.

He carried the bear on his shoulders.
Pearl Feather killed a deer.
He carried the deer on his shoulders.
They said: "Will we find Grandpa Medas?"
They said: "Home is the best place."



LESSON 96

They came in sight of a log house.
An old man stood in the doorway.
The old man shaded his eyes with his hand.
The old man was Grandpa Medas.

He was looking for Hawk Eye and Pearl Feather.

Hawk Eye gave a great shout.

They came to the log house.

They threw down the bear and deer.

Grandpa Medas said: "Welcome home."

Grandpa Medas said: "You are both great warriors."

They said: "We will have a great feast."

"We will have a feast in the Moon of Leaves."

LESSON 97

Medas said: "We shall have bear meat."

Hawk Eye said: "We shall have deer meat."



Medas said: "We will ask all our friends."

They got ready for a great feast.

They made a rug of the bear skin.

They made a coat of the deer skin.

They hung up the deer's antlers.

They wrote letters to their friends.

They said: "We will have a great feast."

They said: "We like the Moon of Leaves."

LESSON 98

Every day they thought of more people.

Hawk Eye said: "Don't forget Bald Eagle."

Pearl Feather said: "Don't forget Lion Heart."

Medas said: "Metatokit will come, too."

The Indians began to come.

They brought their wigwams with them.

They put up their wigwams.

They made a new Indian village.

They said: "We will wait for the feast."

Hawk Eye said: "I wonder if little Eskimo will come."

Pearl Feather said: "We will welcome the Japanese girl."

LESSON 99

Before many days Little Eskimo came.
He brought other Eskimos with him.
Then the little Japanese girl came.
She brought some Japanese girls with her.
Then some people came from Holland.



Then some people came from China.
The Chinese all carried lanterns.
An Arab came in late.
The Arab rode a fine horse.
They all came to see Hawk Eye.
They all brought presents to him.
Hawk Eye said: "We will have a feast."

LESSON 100

The day came for the feast.

The Indians gave a great cry.

Then they began to dance.

They all wore feathers on their heads.

They had an Indian pow-wow.

After the feast the strangers went home.

All the Indians stayed.

They said: "We will live here always.

"We will make a new Indian village.

"We will call it the village of Hawk Eye."

Hawk Eye was proud and happy.

He said: "I am glad I came home."

HIAWATHA

ADAPTED BY N. MOORE BANTA

THE WIGWAM

Hiawatha was a little Indian boy. He lived with his grandmother. Nokomis was his grandmother.

Nokomis came from the moon. She was the daughter of the moon.

Nokomis fell down from the moon to the earth.

This is how Nokomis happened to fall. One day she was swinging in a grape-vine swing.

Another Indian woman cut the grape-vine.

Nokomis fell out of the swing. She fell down, down, till she struck the earth.

Hiawatha and Nokomis lived in a wig-

wam. The wigwam was near the water. It was near the shining Big-Sea-Water.

The water was Gitche Gumee. The wigwam stood by the shores of Gitche Gumee.



“The wigwam of Nokomis”

The water was clear and sunny.

A dark forest was behind the wigwam.

There were pine-trees in the forest. They were black and gloomy.

There were fir-trees in the forest. Cones were upon the fir-trees.

By the shores of Gitche Gumee,
By the shining Big-Sea-Water,
Stood the wigwam of Nokomis,

Daughter of the Moon, Nokomis.
Dark behind it rose the forest,
Rose the black and gloomy pine-trees,
Rose the firs with cones upon them;
Bright before it beat the water,
Beat the clear and sunny water,
Beat the shining Big-Sea-Water.

EWA-YEA! MY LITTLE OWLET!



Nokomis was old and wrinkled. She took care of the little Hiawatha.

She rocked him in his little cradle.

The cradle was made of linden wood. Nokomis made the cradle. It was safely bound with reindeer sin-

“Rocked him in his little cradle”

ews. It was made soft with moss and rushes.
Hiawatha sometimes cried.

Nokomis said, "Hush, the Naked Bear
will hear thee!"

Then she sang a slumber song to him.
In her song she called him her little owlet.
She said, "Who is this that lights the wig-
wam? Who lights the wigwam with his
great eyes? Ewa-yea! my little owlet!"

There the wrin-
kled, old Noko-
mis
Nursed the little
Hiawatha,
Rocked him in his
linden cradle,
Bedded soft in moss
and rushes,
Safely bound with
reindeer sinews;



"The Naked Bear will hear thee"

Stilled his fretful wail by saying,
“Hush! the Naked Bear will hear thee!”
Lulled him into slumber, singing,
“Ewa-yea! my little owlet!
Who is this that lights the wigwam?
With his great eyes lights the wigwam?
Ewa-yea! my little owlet!”

THE NORTHERN LIGHTS

Nokomis taught Hiawatha many things.
She told him about the stars that shine in
the sky.

She showed him the comet with fiery
tresses. The Indians called it Ishkoodah.

Nokomis told Hiawatha about the north-
ern lights.

She said, “They are the Death-Dance of
the spirits. They are the warriors with
their plumes and war-clubs. They are
lights in the north.”

“How far away they are!” said Hiawatha.



“Warriors with their plumes and war-clubs”

“Yes,” said Nokomis, “they shine far away to the north in the frosty nights of winter.”

Nokomis said, “See the broad, white road across the sky! That is the pathway of the ghosts, the shadows.”

“The pathway runs straight across the sky,” said Hiawatha.

“Yes,” said Nokomis, “it is crowded with the ghosts, the shadows.”

Many things Nokomis taught him
Of the stars that shine in heaven;
Showed him Ishkoodah, the comet,
Ishkoodah, with fiery tresses;

Showed the Death-Dance of the spirits,
Warriors with their plumes and war-clubs,
Flaring far away to northward
In the frosty nights of Winter;
Showed the broad, white road in heaven,
Pathway of the ghosts, the shadows,
Running straight across the heavens,
Crowded with the ghosts, the shadows.

WORDS OF WONDER

On summer evenings Hiawatha sat at the door of the wigwam. Nokomis sat beside him.

Hiawatha heard the pine-trees whispering. And he said, "What is that, grandmother?"

And Nokomis answered, "That is the wind whispering through the pine-trees."

"The pine-trees say, 'Minne-wawa'," said Hiawatha.

He heard the lapping of the waters. The

sounds were words of music. They were words of wonder.

“What is that we hear, grandmother?” said he.

“That is but the lapping of the waters,” said Nokomis.

“The water says, ‘Mudway-aushka,’” said Hiawatha.

At the door on summer evenings
Sat the little Hiawatha;
Heard the whispering of the pine-trees,
Heard the lapping of the waters,
Sounds of music, words of wonder;
“Minne-wawa!” said the pine-trees,
“Mudway-aushka!” said the water.

LITTLE WHITE-FIRE INSECT

Hiawatha saw the firefly. He saw it flitting through the trees.

“What is that?” said he.

“That is the Wah-wah-taysee,” said Nokomis. “See the twinkle of its candle! It lights up the brakes and bushes.”

He sang the song Nokomis taught him. He sang about the little firefly.

He said, “I see you, little Wah-wah-taysee. I see you, little firefly.”

The firefly gave light to Hiawatha.

Nokomis said, “The firefly gives light with its little candle.”

Hiawatha said, “I like the little firefly. It makes light for me.”

Nokomis said, “It is a little flitting, white-fire insect. It is a little dancing, white-fire creature.”

Then Hiawatha called, “Little firefly, light me with your little candle. Light me while I go to bed.”

He said, “Light me before I go to sleep. Give me light with your little candle.”

The little firefly gave light to Hiawatha.

It gave him light with its little candle. It gave him light while he went to bed.

Saw the firefly, Wah-wah-taysee,
Flitting through the dusk of evening,
With the twinkle of its candle
Lighting up the brakes and bushes,
And he sang the song of children,
Sang the song Nokomis taught him,
“Wah-wah-taysee, little firefly,
Little, flitting, white-fire insect,
Little, dancing, white-fire creature,
Light me with your little candle,
Ere upon my bed I lay me,
Ere in sleep I close my eyelids!”

SHADOWS ON THE MOON

Hiawatha saw the moon come up. It seemed to come out of the water.

He saw some dark spots on the moon.

“What is that, Nokomis?” he whispered.

Nokomis told him a story about the moon. It was an Indian story.

It was about a warrior who was very angry. He was so angry he threw his grandmother up into the sky.

It was midnight and the moon was in the sky. The warrior threw his grandmother right against the moon. She stuck fast to the moon.



“Nokomis told him a story”

“’Tis her body that you see there in the moon,” said Nokomis.

Saw the moon rise from the water,
Rippling, rounding from the water,

Saw the flecks and shadows on it,
Whispered, "What is that, Nokomis?"
And the good Nokomis answered:
"Once a warrior, very angry,
Seized his grandmother, and threw her
Up into the sky at midnight;
Right against the moon he threw her;
'Tis her body that you see there."

THE STORY OF THE RAINBOW

Hiawatha saw the rainbow.

He whispered, "What is that, Nokomis?"

The good Nokomis told him a story
about the rainbow. She called the rainbow
the heaven of flowers.

She told him about the flowers in the
forest. He knew they were beautiful. He
knew they were of many colors.

She told him that they were not always
bright. They fade and die and we do not
see them on the earth.

“When they fade on earth,” Nokomis said, “they go up to heaven. They bloom again in the rainbow.”

Saw the rainbow in the heaven,
In the eastern sky, the rainbow,
Whispered, “What is that, Nokomis?”
And the good Nokomis answered:
“’Tis the heaven of flowers you see there;
All the wild-flowers of the forest,
All the lilies of the prairie,
When on earth they fade and perish,
Blossom in that heaven above us.”

THE OWL AND OWLET

One night when Hiawatha was in bed, he heard a noise. He was much frightened.

“What is that, Nokomis?” he cried.

The good Nokomis told him it was the owl and owlet. They were talking to each other. They were scolding each other.



“He heard the owls at midnight”

When he heard
the owls at mid-
night,
Hooting, laughing
in the forest,
“What is that?” he
cried in terror;
“What is that?” he
said, “Nokomis?”
And the good No-
komis answered:
“That is but the owl
and owlet,

Talking in their native language,
Talking, scolding at each other.”

HIAWATHA AND THE ANIMALS

Hiawatha liked to walk in the forest.
He learned the names of all the birds. He
called them by their names.
He talked to them whenever he met them.

The birds showed Hiawatha how they built their nests. He learned where they hid themselves in winter.

He called them "Hiawatha's Chickens."

Hiawatha saw the beavers. He learned how they built their lodges. They lived in the lodges.

He watched them at work. He learned their secrets. They were not afraid of him.

Hiawatha saw a squirrel in a pine tree. He watched it run up and down the tree.

He talked to the little squirrel. He called it Adjidaumo.

He knew where the squirrel hid its acorns. He loved the little squirrel.

Hiawatha saw a reindeer in the forest. It ran very swiftly. Hiawatha asked the reindeer how it ran so swiftly. The reindeer told him all its secrets.

One day Hiawatha saw a rabbit. The rabbit was afraid.

“Why are you so timid?” asked Hiawatha.

The rabbit told him why it was afraid.

Hiawatha loved all the animals. He talked with them whenever he met them.

He called them “Hiawatha’s Brothers.”

Then the little Hiawatha
Learned of every bird its language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How they built their nests in Summer,



“Hiawatha’s Chickens”

Where they hid themselves in Winter,
Talked with them when'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's Chickens."

Of all beasts he learned the language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How the beavers built their lodges,
Where the squirrels hid their acorns,
How the reindeer ran so swiftly,
Why the rabbit was so timid,
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's Brothers."

THE NEW BOW AND ARROW

Nokomis had a friend named Iagoo. He had traveled and knew many stories. He was a great story-teller.

Iagoo made a bow for Hiawatha. He made it from a branch of an ash tree.

He made the arrows from the branch of an oak tree. The arrows had feathers on them.

They were tipped with flint. The cord was made of deerskin.

He told Hiawatha to go into the forest and shoot a deer.

Hiawatha took the bow and arrows. He walked proudly into the forest.

The birds were singing in the trees.

The robin sang, "Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!"

The bluebird sang, "Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!"

The squirrel ran up an oak tree. He ran in and out among the branches.

He said, "Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!"

The little rabbit jumped away from Hiawatha.

He sat up and said, "Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!"

Then Iagoo, the great boaster,
He the marvelous story-teller,

He the traveler and the talker,
He the friend of old Nokomis,
Made a bow for Hiawatha;
From a branch of ash he made it,
From an oak-bough made the arrows,
Tipped with flint, and winged with feathers,
And the cord he made of deer-skin.

Then he said to Hiawatha:
“Go, my son, into the forest,
Where the red deer herd together,
Kill for us a famous roebuck,
Kill for us a deer with antlers!”

Forth into the forest straightway
All alone walked Hiawatha
Proudly with his bow and arrows;
And the birds sang round him, o’er him,
“Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!”
Sang the robin, the Opechee,
Sang the bluebird, the Owaissa,
“Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!”

Up the oak-tree, close beside him,

Sprang the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
In and out among the branches,
Coughed and chattered from the oak-tree,
Laughed, and said between his laughing,
“Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!”

And the rabbit from his pathway
Leaped aside, and at a distance
Sat erect upon its haunches,
Half in fear and half in frolic,
Saying to the little hunter,
“Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!”

THE HUNTING OF THE DEER

Hiawatha did not see the little birds.

He did not hear the squirrel nor the rabbit. He was thinking of the deer.

He saw the tracks of a deer. They led down to the river.

He hid in the bushes by the river. He waited there for the deer.

By and by he saw two antlers. Then he



"The deer came down the pathway"

saw two eyes. Then the deer came down the pathway.

Hiawatha aimed an arrow. His heart fluttered and trembled. He hardly moved a twig.

But the deer knew a hunter was near. Then the arrow flew.

"Buzz!" it said, and stung the deer.

Then the deer fell to the ground. He was dead. His timid heart was still.

Hiawatha was very happy, for he had

killed a deer. He wanted to shout for joy. He took the red deer home.

Nokomis and Iagoo watched for Hiawatha. When they saw him, they cheered him. They praised him and called him a great hunter.

Nokomis made a cloak for Hiawatha out of the red deer's hide.

With the flesh of the deer, she made a feast for him. All the warriors of the village were invited to the feast. All the women and the children were invited.

They all praised Hiawatha. They called him Strong-Heart, Soan-ge-taha! They called him Loon-Heart, Mahn-go-taysee!

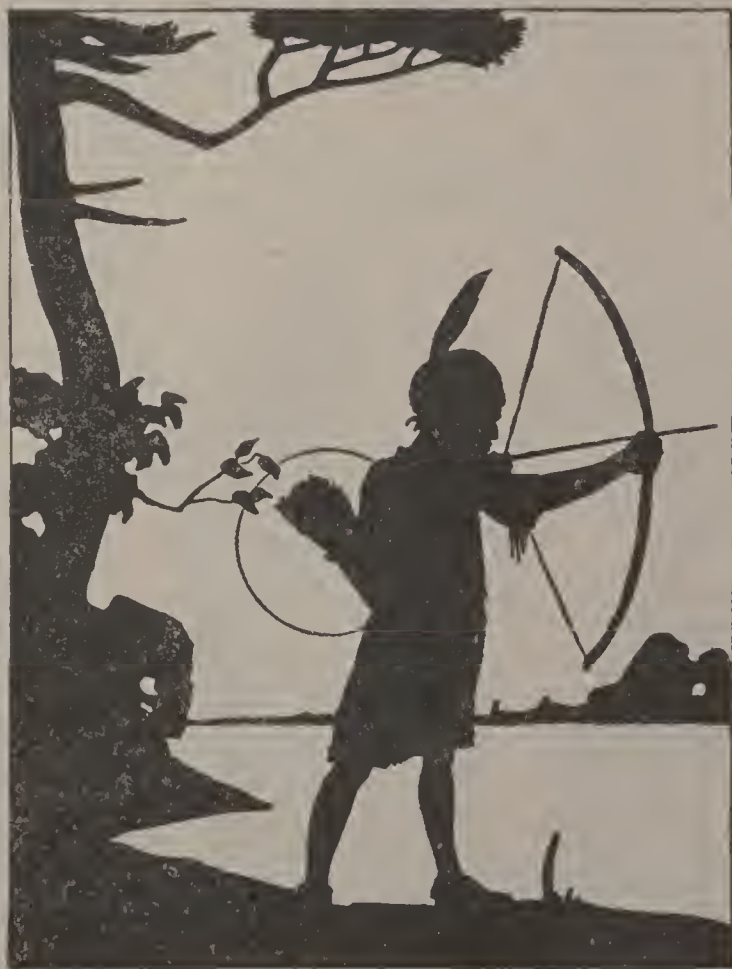
But he heeded not, nor heard them,
For his thoughts were with the red deer;
On their tracks his eyes were fastened,
Leading downward to the river,
To the ford across the river,

And as one in slumber walked he.

Hidden in the alder-bushes,
There he waited till the deer came,
Till he saw two antlers lifted,
Saw two eyes look from the thicket,
Saw two nostrils point to windward,
And a deer came down the pathway,
Flecked with leafy light and shadow.
And his heart with-

in him fluttered,
Trembled like the
leaves above him,
Like the birch-leaf
palpitated,
As the deer came
down the path-
way.

Then upon one
knee uprising,
Hiawatha aimed an
arrow;



"Hiawatha aimed an arrow"

Scarce a twig moved with his motion,
Scarce a leaf was stirred or rustled,
But the wary roebuck started,
Stamped with all his hoofs together,
Listened with one foot uplifted,
Leaped as if to meet the arrow;
Ah! the singing, fatal arrow,
Like a wasp it buzzed and stung him.

Dead he lay there in the forest,



"Made a cloak for Hiawatha"

By the ford across
the river;
Beat his timid heart
no longer,
But the heart of
Hiawatha
Throbbed and
shouted and ex-
ulted,
As he bore the red
deer homeward,
And Iagoo and No-
komis

Hailed his coming with applauses.

From the red deer's hide Nokomis
Made a cloak for Hiawatha,
From the red deer's flesh Nokomis
Made a banquet in his honor.

All the village came and feasted,
All the guests praised Hiawatha,
Called him Strong-Heart, Soan-ge-taha!
Called him Loon-Heart, Mahn-go-taysee!

HIAWATHA AND MUDJEKEEWIS

Hiawatha had now grown from childhood into manhood. He was skilled in all the craft of hunters. He was learned in all the lore of the old men.

He knew the youthful sports and pastimes. He knew how to do many useful kinds of labor.

Hiawatha was very swift of foot. He had moccasins or shoes which could make him go over the ground very fast indeed.

“At each stride a mile he measured.”

It is said that he could also shoot an arrow forward and then run ahead so rapidly as to get before it.

He was also very strong, especially when he put on his magic mittens. With these he could split huge rocks at a single blow.

Hiawatha questioned old Nokomis very much about his father and mother.

His father was Mudjekeewis, the West Wind. His mother was Wenonah, the beautiful daughter of Nokomis.

When Hiawatha was a little baby his mother had died. So Hiawatha had always lived with his grandmother.

Nokomis did not like Mudjekeewis. But Hiawatha said to her:

“I will go to Mudjekeewis,
See how fares it with my father,
At the doorways of the West-Wind,



“Left the antelope and bison”

At the portals of the Sunset!”

Warning said the old Nokomis,
“Go not forth, O Hiawatha!
To the kingdom of the West-Wind,
To the realms of Mudjekeewis,
Lest he harm you with his magic,
Lest he kill you with his cunning!”

But Hiawatha was fearless. He did not heed Nokomis. He strode forth into the forest.

He had on his magic moccasins. He measured a mile at each step.

So he journeyed westward, westward,
Left the fleetest deer behind him,
Left the antelope and bison.

He soon came to the Rocky Mountains, the kingdom of the West-Wind. There sat the ancient Mudjekeewis upon the top of the mountains.

“Welcome!” said he, “Hiawatha,
To the kingdom of the West-Wind!
Long have I been waiting for you!
Youth is lovely, age is lonely,
Youth is fiery, age is frosty!
You bring back the days departed.”

Many days Hiawatha and Mudjekeewis talked together.

Mudjekeewis did much boasting about his bravery and strength. Hiawatha lis-

tened patiently to his father's boasting.

Then they talked of other matters;
First of Hiawatha's brothers,
First of Wabun, of the East-Wind,
Of the South-Wind, Shawondasee,
Of the North, Kabi-
bonokka;
Then of Hiawatha's
mother,
Of the beautiful
Wenonah,
Of her birth upon
the meadow,
Of her death, as old
Nokomis
Had remembered
and related.



"The beautiful Wenonah"

Then they engaged in a contest of
strength for three whole days.

"Hold!" at length cried Mudjekeewis,

“Hold, my son, my Hiawatha!
I have put you to this trial
But to know and prove your courage;
Now receive the prize of valor!”

Mudjekeewis was so pleased with the courage and strength of Hiawatha that he promised to make him ruler of the Northwest Wind.



The old arrow-maker and Minnehaha

On his way home, Hiawatha visited an old arrow-maker who lived with his daughter by a beautiful stream.

The arrow-maker's daughter was called Minnehaha. Minnehaha means laughing water.

When Hiawatha saw Minnehaha he loved

her, for she was very beautiful. But he said nothing to her or her father about it.

Hiawatha had now become a very brave warrior. He was a great chief among his people.

He wanted to teach his people and make them happy and prosperous. He taught them many things.

He taught them how to till the soil. He showed them how to raise corn.

HIAWATHA AND MINNEHAHA

Hiawatha went away to find a wife. He went to the home of the ancient arrow-maker, the home of Minnehaha.

“Hiawatha, you are welcome!” said the ancient arrow-maker.

“You are welcome, Hiawatha!” said the lovely Laughing Water.

Then Minnehaha brought food and set it before her father and Hiawatha.



*“Brought them water from the
brooklet”*

She brought them
water from the
brooklet.

Hiawatha said to
the ancient arrow-
maker:

“Give me as my
wife this maiden,
M i n n e h a h a ,
Laughing Water,
Loveliest of Daco-
tah women.”

The ancient arrow-maker said, “Yes, if
Minnehaha wishes.”

Minnehaha went to Hiawatha and sat
beside him, while she said, “I will follow
you, my husband.”

Then they were married and Hiawatha
went back home with his beautiful bride.

Then there was a great feast.

All the Indians were invited to the feast.

They wore furs, and had their faces painted. They ate out of bowls made of basswood. They ate with spoons made of horn.

Here are some of the things they had to eat; s t u r g e o n, p i k e, p e m m i c a n, b u f f a l o m a r r o w, d e e r m e a t, b u f f a l o m e a t, c o r n c a k e s, a n d r i c e.

Then there were dancing and games and singing and story-telling, while

the Indians smoked their long pipes.



"There was a great feast"

HIAWATHA'S FRIENDS

Hiawatha had two good friends. They were Chibiabos, the musician, and Kwasind,

the strong man. These two friends he singled out from all the others.

They were bound together in closest union. To them he gave the right hand of his heart in joy and sorrow.

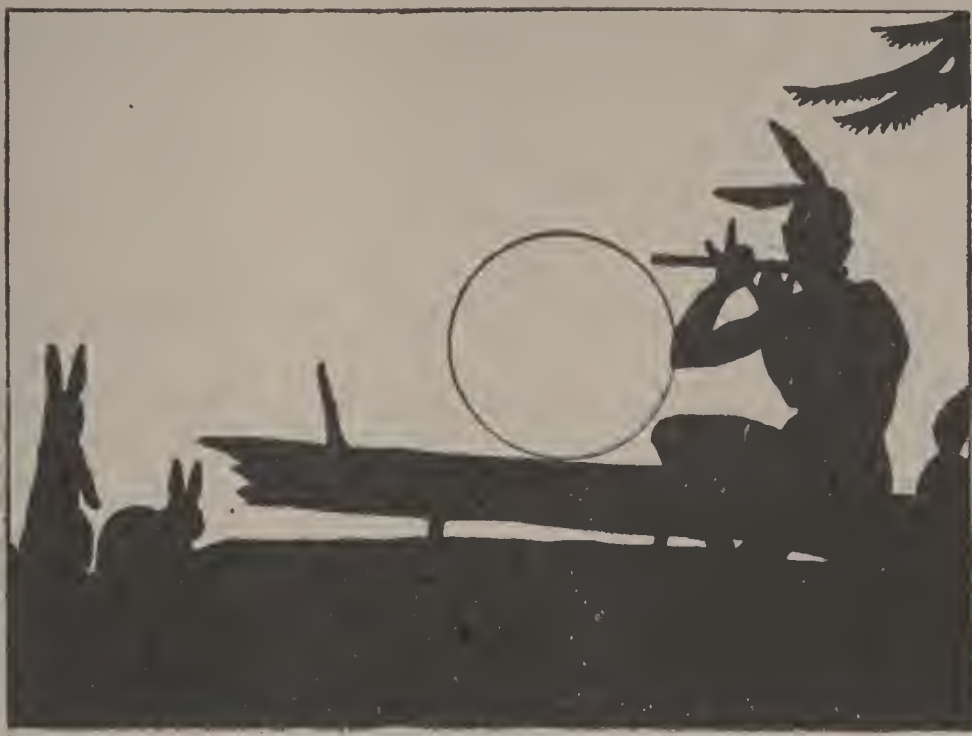
The pathway ran straight between them. The grass never grew upon it. The mischief-makers could not make ill feeling between them.

Chibiabos was the most beloved by Hiawatha. The reason was that Chibiabos was kind and gentle. Also he sang so sweetly that everyone liked to hear him.

Chibiabos made himself flutes from hollow reeds. When he played one of these flutes even the birds stopped singing to listen.

The bluebird, the robin, and the whip-poorwill asked Chibiabos to teach them to sing.

The squirrel stopped chattering to listen



“Sat up on their hind legs to listen”

to the music. The rabbits sat up on their hind legs to look and listen.

Hiawatha loved Chibiabos for his gentleness and the magic of his singing.

Kwasind, the very strong man, was dear, too, unto Hiawatha. He was the strongest of all men. Hiawatha loved him for his strength and goodness.

Kwasind was so strong that he did many wonderful things. He once cleared a road through the forest by throwing the big logs

and trees out of the way. To the right hand, to the left hand he threw the trees swift as arrows.

Kwasind was one day leaning against a big rock. He was watching the young men sporting in the meadow.

The young men said, "Come wrestle with us. Let us pitch the quoit together!"

Kwasind made no answer. He rose slowly, and turning, seized the great rock in his fingers. He raised it up on his hand. Then he pitched it into the river.

Hiawatha, Chibiabos, and Kwasind lived long together in peace. They always talked together how they might make the tribes of men prosper.

Two good friends had Hiawatha,
Singled out from all the others,
Bound to him in closest union,
And to whom he gave the right hand

Of his heart in joy and sorrow;
Chibiabos, the musician,
And the very strong man, Kwasind.

Straight between them ran the pathway,
Never grew the grass upon it;
Singing birds, that utter falsehoods,
Story-tellers, mischief-makers,
Found no eager ear to listen,
Could not breed ill-will between them,
For they kept each other's counsel,
Spake with naked hearts together,
Pondering much and much contriving
How the tribes of men might prosper.

Most beloved by Hiawatha
Was the gentle Chibiabos,
He the best of all musicians,
He the sweetest of all singers.
Beautiful and childlike was he,
Brave as man is, soft as woman,
Pliant as a wand of willow,
Stately as a deer with antlers.

When he sang, the village listened;
All the warriors gathered round him,
All the women came to hear him;
Now he stirred their souls to passion,
Now he melted them to pity.

From the hollow reeds he fashioned
Flutes so musical and mellow,
That the brook, the Sebowisha,
Ceased to murmur in the woodland,
That the wood-birds ceased from singing,
And the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
Ceased his chatter in the oak-tree,
And the rabbit, the Wabasso,
Sat upright to look and listen.

Yes, the brook, the Sebowisha,
Pausing, said, "O Chibiabos,
Teach my waves to flow in music,
Softly as your words in singing!"

Yes, the bluebird, the Owaissa,
Envious, said, "O Chibiabos,
Teach me tones as wild and wayward,

Teach me songs as full of frenzy!"

Yes, the robin, the Opechee,
Joyous, said, "O Chibiabos,
Teach me tones as sweet and tender,
Teach me songs as full of gladness!"

And the whippoorwill, Wawonaissa,
Sobbing, said, "O Chibiabos,
Teach me tones as melancholy,
Teach me songs as full of sadness!"

All the many sounds of nature
Borrowed sweetness from his singing;
All the hearts of men were softened
By the pathos of his music;
For he sang of peace and freedom,
Sang of beauty, love, and longing,
Sang of death, and life undying
In the islands of the Blessed,
In the kingdom of Ponemah,
In the land of the Hereafter.

Very dear to Hiawatha
Was the gentle Chibiabos,

He the best of all musicians,
He the sweetest of all singers;
For his gentleness he loved him,
And the magic of his singing.

Dear, too, unto Hiawatha
Was the very strong man, Kwasind,
He the strongest of all mortals,
He the mightiest among many;
For his very strength he loved him,
For his strength allied to goodness.

Idle in his youth was Kwasind,
Very listless, dull, and dreamy,
Never played with other children,
Never fished and never hunted,
Not like other children was he;
But they saw that much he fasted,
Much his Manito entreated,
Much besought his Guardian Spirit.

“Lazy Kwasind!” said his mother,
“In my work you never help me!
In the Summer you are roaming

Idly in the fields and forests;
In the Winter you are cowering
O'er the firebrands in the wigwam!
In the coldest days of Winter
I must break the ice for fishing;
With my nets you never help me!
At the door my nets are hanging,
Dripping, freezing with the water;
Go and wring them, Yenadizze!
Go and dry them in the sunshine!"

Slowly, from the ashes, Kwasind
Rose, but made no angry answer;
From the lodge went forth in silence,
Took the nets that hung together,
Dripping, freezing at the doorway,
Like a wisp of straw he wrung them,
Like a wisp of straw he broke them,
Could not wring them without breaking,
Such the strength was in his fingers.

"Lazy Kwasind!" said his father,
"In the hunt you never help me;

Every bow you touch is broken,
Snapped asunder every arrow;
Yet come with me to the forest,
You shall bring the hunting homeward."

Down a narrow pass they wandered,
Where a brooklet led them onward,
Where the trail of deer and bison
Marked the soft mud on the margin,
Till they found all further passage
Shut against them, barred securely
By the trunks of trees uprooted,
Lying lengthwise, lying crosswise,
And forbidding further passage.
"We must go back," said the old man,
"O'er these logs we cannot clamber;
Not a woodchuck could get through them,
Not a squirrel clamber o'er them!"
And straightway his pipe he lighted,
And sat down to smoke and ponder.
But before his pipe was finished,
Lo! the path was cleared before him;

All the trunks had Kwasind lifted,
To the right hand, to the left hand,
Shot the pine-trees swift as arrows,
Hurled the cedars light as lances.

“Lazy Kwasind!” said the young men,
As they sported in the meadow:

“Why stand idly looking at us,
Leaning on the rock behind you?
Come and wrestle with the others,
Let us pitch the quoit together!”

Lazy Kwasind made no answer,
To their challenge made no answer,



“Pitched it sheer into the river”

Only rose, and, slowly turning,
Seized the huge rock in his fingers,
Tore it from its deep foundation,
Poised it in the air a moment,
Pitched it sheer into the river,
Sheer into the swift Pauwating,
Where it still is seen in Summer.

Once as down that foaming river,
Down the rapids of Pauwating,
Kwasind sailed with his companions,
In the stream he saw a beaver,
Saw Ahmeek, the King of Beavers,
Struggling with the rushing currents,
Rising, sinking in the water.

Without speaking, without pausing,
Kwasind leaped into the river,
Plunged beneath the bubbling surface,
Through the whirlpools chased the beaver,
Followed him among the islands,
Stayed so long beneath the water,
That his terrified companions

Cried, "Alas! good-
bye to Kwasind!
We shall never
more see Kwas-
ind!"

But he reappeared
triumphant,
And upon his shin-
ing shoulders
Brought the beaver,
dead and dripping,
Brought the King
of all the Beavers.

And these two, as I have told you,
Were the friends of Hiawatha,
Chibiabos, the musician,
And the very strong man, Kwasind.
Long they lived in peace together,
Spake with naked hearts together,
Pondering much and much contriving
How the tribes of men might prosper.



"In the stream he saw a beaver"

HIAWATHA'S SAILING

“Give me of your bark, O Birch-Tree!
Of your yellow bark, O Birch-Tree!
Growing by the rushing river,
Tall and stately in the valley!
I a light canoe will build me,
Build a swift Cheemaun for sailing,
That shall float upon the river,
Like a yellow leaf in Autumn,
Like a yellow water-lily!

“Lay aside your cloak, O Birch Tree!
Lay aside your white-skin wrapper,
For the Summer-time is coming,
And the sun is warm in heaven,
And you need no white-skin wrapper!”

Thus aloud cried Hiawatha
In the solitary forest,
By the rushing Taquamenaw,
While the birds were singing gayly,
In the Moon of Leaves were singing,



“I a light canoe will build me”

And the sun, from sleep awaking,
Started up and said, “Behold me!
Gheezis, the great Sun, behold me!”

And the tree with all its branches
Rustled in the breeze of morning,
Saying, with a sigh of patience,
“Take my cloak, O Hiawatha!”

With his knife the tree he girdled;
Just beneath its lowest branches,
Just above the roots, he cut it,
Till the sap came oozing outward;

Down the trunk, from top to bottom,
Sheer he cleft the bark asunder,
With a wooden wedge he raised it,
Stripped it from the trunk unbroken.

“Give me of your boughs, O Cedar!
Of your strong and pliant branches,
My canoe to make more steady,
Make more strong and firm beneath me!”

Through the summit of the Cedar
Went a sound, a cry of horror,
Went a murmur of resistance;
But it whispered, bending downward,
“Take my boughs, O Hiawatha!”

Down he hewed the boughs of cedar,
Shaped them straightway to a framework,
Like two bows he formed and shaped them,
Like two bended bows together.

“Give me of your roots, O Tamarack!
Of your fibrous roots, O Larch-Tree!
My canoe to bind together.
So to bind the ends together

That the water may not enter,
That the river may not wet me!"

And the larch with all its fibres,
Shivered in the air of morning,
Touched his forehead with its tassels,
Said, with one long sigh of sorrow,
"Take them all, O Hiawatha!"

From the earth he tore the fibres,
Tore the tough roots of the Larch-Tree,
Closely sewed the bark together,
Bound it closely to the framework.

"Give me of your balm, O Fir-Tree!
Of your balsam and your resin,
So to close the seams together
That the water may not enter,
That the river may not wet me!"

And the Fir-Tree, tall and sombre,
Sobbed through all its robes of darkness,
Rattled like a shore with pebbles,
Answered wailing, answered weeping,
"Take my balm, O Hiawatha!"

And he took the tears of balsam,
Took the resin of the Fir-Tree,
Smeared therewith each seam and fissure,
Made each crevice safe from water.

“Give me of your quills, O Hedgehog!
All your quills, O Kagh, the Hedgehog!
I will make a necklace of them,
Make a girdle for my beauty,
And two stars to deck her bosom!”

From the hollow tree the Hedgehog
With his sleepy eyes looked at him,
Shot his shining quills, like arrows,
Saying, with a drowsy murmur,
Through the tangle of his whiskers,
“Take my quills, O Hiawatha!”

From the ground the quills he gathered,
All the little shining arrows,
Stained them red and blue and yellow,
With the juice of roots and berries;
Into his canoe he wrought them,
Round its waist a shining girdle,

Round its bows a gleaming necklace,
On its breast two stars resplendent.

Thus the Birch Canoe was builded
In the valley by the river,
In the bosom of the forest;
And the forest's life was in it,
All its mystery and its magic,
All the lightness of the birch-tree,
All the toughness of the cedar,
All the larch's supple sinews;
And it floated on the river
Like a yellow leaf in Autumn,
Like a yellow water-lily.

Paddles none had Hiawatha,
Paddles none he had or needed,
For his thoughts as paddles served him,
And his wishes served to guide him;
Swift or slow at will he glided,
Veered to right or left at pleasure.

Then he called aloud to Kwasind,
To his friend, the strong man, Kwasind,



“Swift or slow at will he glided”

Saying, “Help me clear this river
Of its sunken logs and sand-bars.”

Straight into the river Kwasind
Plunged as if he were an otter,
Dove as if he were a beaver,
Stood up to his waist in water,
To his arm-pits in the river,
Swam and shouted in the river,
Tugged at sunken logs and branches,
With his hands he scooped the sand-bars,
With his feet the ooze and tangle.

And thus sailed my Hiawatha
Down the rushing Taquamenaw,
Sailed through all its bends and windings,
Sailed through all its deeps and shallows,
While his friend, the strong man, Kwasind,
Swam the deeps, the shallows waded.

Up and down the river went they,
In and out among the islands,
Cleared its bed of root and sand-bar,
Dragged the dead trees from its channel,
Made its passage safe and certain,
Made a pathway for the people,
From its springs among the mountains,
To the water of Pauwating,
To the bay of Taquamenaw.

FAREWELL, O HIAWATHA!

Hiawatha worked hard for his people.
They could not write. So Hiawatha made
up a picture alphabet.

He took paints of different colors. On the



Courtesy of Houghton Mifflin Company.

*“Painted many shapes and
figures”*

smooth bark of a birch tree he painted many shapes and figures. Each figure had a meaning. Each suggested some word or thought. In this way Hiawatha taught the Indians many useful things.

But winter was at hand. There had been but scanty crops.

The game also was very scarce. The weather was very cold.

Poor Minnehaha became ill. She grew rapidly worse. There was no food to be had.

Hiawatha went hunting, but he found no game. He went fishing, but he caught no fish.

At last poor Minnehaha died. Then they buried her in the snow and kindled a huge fire near her grave. This was to light her spirit on its long journey to the islands of the blessed.

After her death Hiawatha seemed changed. He was waiting and wishing to go away, too.

When the first white people came to teach the Indians, he knew that his time to go had come.

So he went among the people, saying:

“I am going, O my people,
On a long and distant journey;
Many moons and many winters
Will have come and will have vanished,
Ere I come again to see you.
But my guests I leave behind me;
Listen to their words of wisdom,
Listen to the truth they tell you,



Courtesy of Houghton Mifflin Company.

“Turned and waved his hand”

For the Master of Life has sent them
From the land of light and morning!”

On the shore stood Hiawatha,
Turned and waved his hand at parting;
On the clear and shining water
Launched his birch-canoe for sailing,
From the pebbles of the margin
Shoved it forth into the water;
Whispered to it, “Westward! Westward!”
And with speed it darted forward.

And the evening sun descending

Set the clouds on fire with redness,
Burned the broad sky, like a prairie,
Left upon the level water
One long track and trail of splendor,
Down whose stream, as down a river,
Westward, westward Hiawatha
Sailed into the fiery sunset,
Sailed into the purple vapors,
Sailed into the dusk of evening.

And the people from the margin
Watched him floating, rising, sinking,
Till the birch canoe seemed lifted
High into that sea of splendor,
Till it sank into the vapors
Like the new moon slowly, slowly
Sinking in the purple distance.

And they said, "Farewell forever!"
Said, "Farewell, O Hiawatha!"
And the forests, dark and lonely,
Moved through all their depths of darkness,
Sighed, "Farewell, O Hiawatha!"
And the waves upon the margin,



Courtesy of Houghton Mifflin Company.

“Sailed into the fiery sunset”

Rising, rippling on the pebbles,
Sobbed, “Farewell, O Hiawatha!”
And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
From her haunts among the fen-lands
Screamed, “Farewell, O Hiawatha!”

Thus departed Hiawatha,
Hiawatha the Beloved,
In the glory of the sunset,
In the purple mists of evening,
To the regions of the home-wind,
Of the Northwest wind Keewaydin,
To the Islands of the Blessed,
To the kingdom of Ponemah,
To the land of the Hereafter!

The Children of Mother Goose

By JULIA DARROW COWLES

*For Grades
Two and Three*

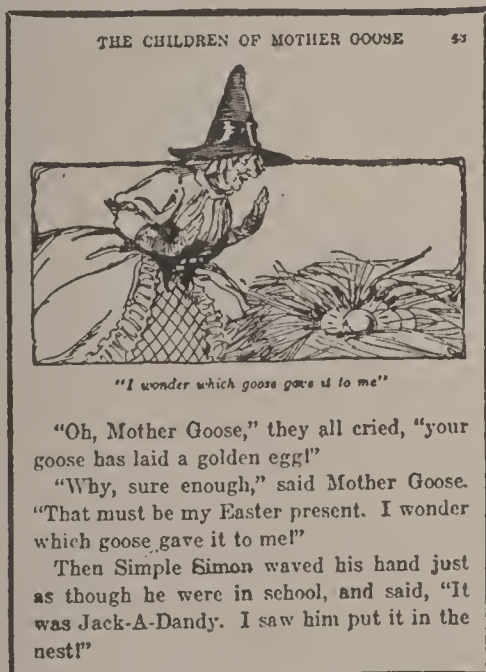
*Illustrations
in Colors*

*128 Pages
Cloth Binding*

Price, 60 Cents a Copy, Postpaid

MANY a young reader longs to know more about his favorite characters in Mother Goose—more than the short rhyme about each is able to tell him. In this collection of miniature stories, he has his wish gratified. Here he gets intimate glimpses of the home and community life of many old friends: Mistress Mary, Boy Blue, Peter Piper, Curly Locks, Crosspatch, Simple Simon, Jack and Jill, Tommy Tinker, Bobby Shaftoe, and a host of others.

It appears that the Mother Goose children are a healthy, fun-loving, workaday lot of youngsters, exactly like the boys and girls who read about them. They attend Dame Trot's school. They give tea parties and Valentine parties. They take care of the babies of the Old Woman Who Lives in a Shoe. They help the Crooked Man build himself a new chimney. Dr. Foster takes them walking in the woods and teaches them things about insects and spiders which every child is simply aching to know. Mother Goose herself presides delightfully over their revels.



Specimen Page

Teachers will find these stories valuable for inculcating a love of reading in the child; first, because they are intrinsically fascinating, and second, because they quicken his mental powers by a shrewd application of some lesson in daily living.

A. FLANAGAN COMPANY—CHICAGO

Fairy Tales of Long Ago

By Julia Darrow Cowles

Grades 3-4

Cloth Binding

128 Pages

Colored Illustrations

Price, 60 Cents a Copy, Postpaid

TRAIN a child's imagination by feeding it with the fancies of great story-tellers, is a truism familiar to all teachers. There is nothing like the old fairy tales for nourishing young imaginations. This group of tales Mrs. Cowles has gathered from many sources and retold in charming fashion. That they have gained, rather than lost, by the retelling, will soon become apparent to teachers; for only the simplest words and phrases are used, and the narrative is so handled as to emphasize the homely lesson in manners or morals concealed in the story.

These tales are full of action and delicious nonsense which accord with the child's mode of living and thinking. Besides teaching the children to read, and furnishing them with much fine entertainment, these stories inculcate lessons in good-fellowship, usefulness, politeness, and agreeable wholesome living.

The volume comprises fifteen stories, five of which are dramatized for schoolroom use.



CONTENTS

The Nightingale
The Six Swans
Bruno's Picnic
Ole Shut-Eyes
Inger's Loaf
Southwest Wind Esquire
The Three Lemons
The Twelve Months
A Mad Tea Party
The Enchanted Mead
The White Cat
The Ugly Duckling
The Miller's Daughter
Professor Frog's Lecture
The Spring in the Valley

A. FLANAGAN COMPANY—CHICAGO

Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: Oct. 2006

PreservationTechnologies

A WORLD LEADER IN PAPER PRESERVATION

111 Thomson Park Drive
Cranberry Township, PA 16066
(724) 779-2111

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 003 335 615 8